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Steve Lopez/San Fernando Valley

James Dean All Over Again

The thrills of street racing just won't die, even if some of the drivers do

IT'S BEEN 43 YEARS SINCE JAMES DEAN TURNED TO HIS NEMESIS in *Rebel Without a Cause*, right before each got behind the wheel of his car in a race that would send one of them to the boneyard, and asked a simple question: "Why do we do this?"

"You have to do something," the lost soul replied.

Yes, you do, and if you live in Southern California's San Fernando Valley, a sort of national sanctuary for cars, the options have grown somewhat in 43 years. But the kids still race, and the cops still chase, and one side almost always wins.

Just before midnight on a Saturday, Erica Morehouse, 18, pulls into the McDonald's lot at the Roxford exit of the Golden State Freeway. She's in a nail-polish-red 1989 Camaro with her friend Lisa Montes, 17. It's Thelma and Louise right here in hot-rod central, and they'll race anyone foolish enough to take them on.

"I want to be a professional driver," says Erica, a blond senior at Valencia High School. She's usually the only girl out here, and you can see that's part of the thrill—to draw in some slacker with nothing but an art-project hairdo and more hormones than r.p.m. and then smoke him. A slack-eyed Fonx named Marcus gets out of a car and spins over to impress Erica with how many times he can say cool in a sentence, a rebel without a clue. She isn't here to talk.

By 12:15 a.m., the lot is filled with 20 or so Japanese and American cars modified to blow off the doors and pin back the ears. It's a mix of black, white and Hispanic kids with one language: words like *slicks* and *tranny*, *struts* and *squeeze*. Someone says, "Let's go," and they pull out single file, sucking oil wells dry as they caravan toward the drag strip—a remote industrial stretch in the nothing-else-to-do town of Sylmar.

Before everyone has come to a stop on the flat, four-lane straightaway, a Toyota and a Honda have nosed up to an invisible starting line. A fat kid in a ball cap stands between them and raises his arms, then drops them. Engines scream and rubber burns. Speeds approach 100 m.p.h., and 1,320 ft. later, the Toyota's rear lights flash, signaling the winner.

"It's such a rush," Erica says as the tires of her 350 V-8 paw the starting line and a kid maybe 20 draws up next to her in a Thunderbird. They look at each other only briefly,

then punch it. "She's got him," Kevin Brown says, watching with his buddy John Mackey. And just after he calls it, Erica's lights are flashing.

"I've seen people race for money and [wager their cars]. I've seen wrecks. Someone died right there a couple of months ago," says Mackey, 19, pointing to a tree. "Some people do stupid things."

Just being out here qualifies, if you ask Los Angeles police captain Ron Bergmann, who says more kids than ever are racing. The night of that November crash, he says, police were headed north on San Fernando Road when they saw racers, four abreast, bearing down on them at about warp 6. A 19-year-old Pasadena boy in an '89 Mustang convertible spun around and fled, but his car found a tree.

"We've tried helicopters, unmarked cars, plainclothes officers, everything," Bergmann says. "We once wrote 100 citations, and we've called parents from up to 100 miles away to come get their kids. But none of it has an effect. I don't have the manpower to send someone out there every night."

Erica, fresh from her victory, races a guy in a black Monte Carlo and leaves him in the dust too. But now her engine is smoking. If she weren't here, Erica says, popping the hood, she'd probably be crashing motel parties. But there's no comparison because "this is like, it's, like, *duuuuuude*."

Where have you gone, James Dean?

Kevin Brown has the best scam going. He comes out here in his mother's '94 Chevy Astrovan, goosed with nitrous-oxide carburetion. Looks like a tank, goes like a rocket. "You wanna race for money?" he asks an unsuspecting mark. Ten bucks, the other kid says warily. "One fifty," Brown responds, and the kid drives away. Slow night at the races, but they'll all be back, and not necessarily because Mom and Dad are tearing them apart, as James Dean would.

"I do worry about the danger," says Kevin's mother Marie, 38, who used to watch the races as a teen. "But at least I know where he is and that he's not out drinking and doing drugs," she says by phone. She'd even like to come out with Kevin some night, she adds.

Bergmann, who would like to start impounding cars in a losing battle a half-century old, has two words for that: "Good grief." ■



Minivan drag racer Kevin Brown, left, and friends at a valley diner

ERIC MOREHOUSE

“This is like, it's, like, *duuuuuude*.” —ERICA MOREHOUSE, 18, WANNABE PRO DRAG RACER

L E T T E R S



Bill Clinton in Crisis

“Americans elected a President, not a Pope. Everybody should just leave the man alone and let him do his job!”

David Grimes
Conway, Ark.

WHAT PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON AND WHITE House intern Monica Lewinsky may or may not have done does not interest me in the least [SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 2]. The Orwellian qualities and nightmarish implications of the investigation and the media coverage make me sick. An independent counsel is allowed to spend years and more than \$30 million of the taxpayers' money and use underhanded methods like taping close friends. Yet all this results in something that is not proved and is very, very private. Then the media jump on the story as if it were the start of World War III. Why expose and speculate on the private life and conversations of Lewinsky? The target should be America's sick legal system and the lack of ethics of the media.

John Peter Hernes
Stavanger, Norway

EVERY TIME I GET CLOSER TO ADMIRING the achievements of Clinton, he does something to foul the air. With this latest charge of a sexual liaison, I'm wondering why I voted for him twice. Here is a skilled player who was an easy catch away from certain greatness. Now he has dropped the ball. For him there will be no place on Mount Rushmore.

Ted Rashkov
Skokie, Ill.

IT IS AMAZING THAT WHEN PRESIDENT Clinton is facing his version of the Cuban missile crisis in the standoff with Iraq, he is being subjected to harassment about whether he had sexual relations with Lewinsky. It is potentially disastrous that the leadership of the Western world is in the hands of what appears to be a democracy gone mad.

Ian Elliott
Reigate, England

IF THE MOON HAD EXPLODED, THE STOCK market had crashed and Saddam Hussein had assassinated Castro and kidnapped the Pope, nobody would be aware of it. The domination of the news

by the Clinton scandal was total. Maybe special prosecutor Kenneth Starr and Lewinsky's pal Linda Tripp will finally satisfy Americans' insatiable thirst for titillation and dirt. The name Tripp will surely live in infamy and replace Brutus as the archetypal betrayer.

Norman Gronowold
Norcross, Minn.

PRESIDENT CLINTON HAS BEEN ACCUSED of an obsession with sex, but who's really obsessed? The American people. We are far more interested in the sex life of the President than in his performance of the job we elected him to.

Marjorie C. Stout
Amherst, Mass.

KENNEDY, EISENHOWER AND ROOSEVELT all had affairs; all were considered competent Presidents; all fulfilled their obligation to the country. Why don't we let President Clinton do his job and not allow this sordid affair to divert America from its real concerns?

Lilyan P. Atkins
Wilmington, Del.

AMERICANS ELECTED A CLEVER SNAKE-OIL salesman who promised dreams but delivered a nightmare. Clinton should leave Washington and sail into the sunset on a ship like the *Titanic*.

Frank R. Gammardella
Fort Myers, Fla.

A YEAR FROM NOW, WHETHER CLINTON did or did not have an extramarital relationship won't affect anyone. But the entire nation will still feel the impact of having a strong economy. If I were Clinton's adviser, I would stick to the campaign slogan "It's the economy, stupid!"

Jorge Villela
Mexico City

INSTEAD OF PEEKING INTO CLINTON'S bedroom, let's look at his record. He works hard to improve education, health care and the environment. The U.S. has

one of the strongest economies in its history. We need Bill Clinton. We do not need Kenneth Starr, a man who has wasted tens of millions of dollars pursuing a personal obsession.

Sharon Rose
Menlo Park, Calif.

I AM APPALLED BY THE SPECTACLE OF THE U.S. drowning in a sea of petty, malicious gossip. President Clinton has been a compassionate and effective leader. Return Starr to earning an honest living. Let Paula Jones gossip with her neighbors over the back fence. Encourage the Christian right to study the New Testament, not just the Old.

Werner C. Sturm
Scotch Plains, N.J.

I AM A MORALIST, AND I THINK THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. should be a moral man and reflect that morality in his professional and private life. Time will tell if these allegations are true or false. Either way, it is a tragedy.

Molly Schroeffer
Dallas

WHY WOULD AMERICANS BE INTERESTED in crippling their own President? Should not the top man remain immune from civil lawsuits while taking care of the nation's problems?

Mahmoud K. Wazzan
Beirut

ON ENGLISH BUSES WE ARE NOT ALLOWED to talk to the driver while he is behind the wheel. President Clinton is the leader of the most powerful country in the world.

About That Cover Picture

A number of readers were curious about the photograph we ran of President Clinton and Monica Lewinsky on our cover [Feb. 2]. A few asked if we had fiddled with the picture, and some even wondered whether it was genuine. The answer: It is a real photograph, and it was not altered in any way. This picture and others, which we used inside the magazine, were taken at the Nov. 6, 1996, postelection White House victory party on the South Lawn. The person who shot the film of the event provided us with all the negatives so that we could view them in context. CNN and other television media were subsequently able to find and air videotapes of the victory party showing the President and Lewinsky in the same setting.



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*Valerie Walker
 Stanmore, England*

WHAT A CAST OF CHARACTERS: A WHITE House intern suspected of having a relationship with the President and quoted as saying she has lied her entire life; an ex-White House secretary who makes a habit of "befriending" women who claim to have had intimate encounters with the President; a political spy turned tell-all literary agent who counsels the secretary; and a special prosecutor who arranges for undercover taping of the intern's private conversations about her sex life because they might have some bearing on his investigations. Is there anyone with integrity in Washington?

*Jeannie Wurz
 Bern, Switzerland*

And All That Sleaze

YOUR "MONICA AND BILL" COVER HIT A new low [Feb. 2]. It belongs on supermarket racks with the sleaze magazines.

*Doris L. Starr
 Walden, N.Y.*

AS A TOP WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE, TIME should set an example. When the facts and truth come forward, will they be on your cover also?

*Helen Stanton
 Conway, Ark.*

NOW IS THE TIME FOR THE POLITICIANS of America to begin examining the sexual lives of reporters.

*Kathy Eckles-Hooker
 Flagstaff, Ariz.*

WHAT'S YOUR NEXT SPECIAL REPORT? A list of Congressmen who are fooling around with staff members?

*Doug Walker
 Asheville, N.C.*

CAN SOMEONE EXPLAIN WHY AMERICANS, and the U.S. media in particular, work so hard to elect a President and then spend the next few years trying to bring him down with gossip and innuendo? There are always going to be people who either are jealous of his success or want to hang onto his coattails—it has ever been thus. But let the President get on with the business of his country. He seems to be

doing a fine job. Americans, be thankful that you have a great country, and stop trying to tear it apart.

*Ann Neilson
 London, Ont.*

THE MEDIA HAVE ELEVATED UNSUBSTANTIATED gossip, political rumors and spite to the front page day after day. Have serious journalists suddenly enrolled en masse in the *National Enquirer's* School of Journalism? Any future President will be the subject of "professional" investigations by special prosecutors with unlimited public funds at their disposal, not because the President has done anything wrong but in the partisan hope that he will. Why not let the people decide, and elect not only a President but also a "presidential prosecutor"?

*Elias Snaeland Jonsson, Editor in Chief
 Dagur
 Reykjavik*

What's with Americans and Sex?

REMEMBER THE TALE OF THE EMPEROR who wore no clothes? Only the innocent saw that he was naked. If all the so-called good people in America dropped their sanctimonious attitudes [SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 2], maybe public figures like the President would be able to tell the truth. Americans, take responsibility and grow up. Life is not a box of chocolates. You will get the truth when you are ready to deal with it.

*Diane Cunningham
 Baulkham Hills, Australia*

THIS WITCH-HUNT IS ABSURD AND PUERILE. Isn't what Clinton does in the White House as President more important than what he has done or is doing with consenting adult females? Clinton is by far the best President in decades. Perhaps that's the problem. If the conspirators get their way, will the next President have to sign an affidavit about whom he or she has ever slept with?

*Norman Jones
 London*

ITALIAN POLITICIANS ARE CUNNING enough to have all the money and women they want. There's no punishment for that in our country.

*Federico Pasquare
 Milan*

WILL AMERICANS DESTROY CLINTON JUST because he has a roving eye? As long as he is doing a great job as President, what he does in bed should be the concern of no one except Hillary.

*Keshav B. Kale
 Pune, India*

Made in the U.S.A.?

I TAKE PRIDE IN BUYING GARMENTS LABELED MADE IN THE U.S.A. and choose them over others. But the appalling conditions you described on the U.S. territory of Saipan [AMERICAN SCENE, Feb. 2], with underpaid immigrant garment laborers working 18 hours a day in foreign-run factories, make me ask, Where is the incentive to support the production of so-called MADE IN THE U.S.A. goods? I am horrified that we allow such sweatshop practices.

Alicia Powers
Truckee, Calif.

THE NORTHERN MARIANA ISLANDS HAS had its share of developmental problems with the garment industry. But we have worked to resolve them and enable the much maligned industry to enjoy relative stability over the past several years. For the U.S. Interior Department to threaten a federal takeover of immigration and labor controls because the N.M.I. does not necessarily agree with its warped findings is no reason to believe federalization will be a magic cure for developmental problems. Our people are guaranteed the right to self-government, including the right to "progressive economic self-sufficiency." The U.S. aims to force a Puerto Rico-style economy on the N.M.I.

John S. DelRosario Jr.
Former Resident Executive
Indigenous Affairs Office
Commonwealth of the N.M.I.
Saipan, Northern Mariana Islands

THE \$1 BILLION IN CLOTHING EXPORTED by the N.M.I., including Saipan, to the U.S., much of it bearing the MADE IN THE U.S.A. label despite having no U.S. content and no U.S. labor in its assembly, puts the Northern Marianas on a par as an exporter with countries like Canada and Thailand. Competition from this territory has contributed to the loss of more than 100,000 U.S. apparel jobs over the past two years. And in 1998 the U.S. taxpayer will lose \$250 million in revenue forgone on tariffs. How much longer can we afford to let the N.M.I. abuse its territorial status?

John M. Spratt Jr., U.S. Representative
5th District, South Carolina
Washington

GARMENT FACTORIES, WHEREVER they operate, will always be sweatshops. The bottom line depends on whatever manufacturers and buyers can squeeze out of the market. The immigrants who work in the N.M.I. come here to make money for their families back home. They work, they get paid and they send home mon-

ey. Not one alien has arrived illegally in the U.S. by way of the N.M.I. Many of the so-called violations are of federal law, yet the U.S. government has very little presence here. We feel that the Federal Government, not the states, has the responsibility to uphold its laws.

Antonio R. Cabrera
Former Secretary of Finance
Commonwealth of the N.M.I.
Saipan, Northern Mariana Islands

Questions and Answers

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST JOEL Stein's absurd comment that I publish "sleazy" books [PEOPLE, Feb. 2] and yearned to understand the root of his sentiments. Taking a leaf from TIME's book, I called Stein for a "Q&A."

Q. May I call you Joel?

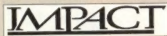
A. Oh, yes.

Q. I've done books by Peggy Noonan, Robert Bork, Christopher Darden, Wally Lamb, Douglas Coupland, Dr. Barry Sears and many others. What inspired you to say I publish sleazy books?

A. Uh, I guess Howard Stern and Rush Limbaugh.

Q. Did you read their books?

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A. Yeah, I read Howard Stern's. I love Howard Stern.

Q. Would you characterize him as sleazy?

A. Well, he writes about sex.

Q. Sex? Is the subject of sex sleazy? TIME does stories about Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky. And you think Stern's musings about sex are sleazy?

A. No, I think he's funny.

Q. But you used the word sleazy! And my son said the librarian at school told him his mother publishes sleazy books! Don't you think you owe me an apology?

A. Yeah, I guess.

Judith Regan, President and Publisher
Regan Books
New York City

O.K. We apologize.

Aftermath of the Pope's Visit

WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE VATICAN AFTER his triumphant visit to Cuba [WORLD, Feb. 2], Pope John Paul II likened his pilgrimage to his first trip back to his native Poland. We can only hope the Cubans who have endured communism for 39 years will eventually experience the same positive results the Poles did. If history repeats itself and Cuba follows the example of Poland, Castro's evil empire will also fall.

Stephen Hilley
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Clarification

IN OUR STORY ON KENNETH STARR'S investigation [SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 16], TIME inaccurately described the job of Kris Engskog. He is the President's aide; his duties include traveling with the President, managing his schedule and ensuring that his briefing materials are complete. We regret the mischaracterization.

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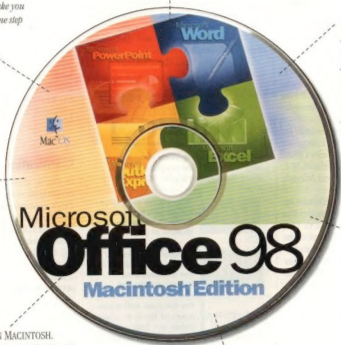
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CHEVROLET PRIZM



VERBATIM

“I don't think this will evaporate, but I anticipate it will slowly dissipate over time, reaching to insubstantiality.”

HILLARY CLINTON,
speaking to reporters about the Monica Lewinsky brohaha

“There have been some pretty heated discussions about the sexual aspects of luge.”

HARRO ESMARCH,
International Luge Federation officer, about the Olympic sport (Reuters)

“I just think that as a whole, with African-American artists in front of and behind the camera, the Academy has been slow to recognize their work.”

SPIKE LEE,
on the near total absence of blacks among Oscar nominees

“If you can't ride baked, you shouldn't be riding.”

SEAN (“CHAVEZ”) HOLMES,
a snowboarder in Whistler, B.C., where Olympic gold medalist Ross Rebagliati lives and trains



PHOTO: KEVIN MAZUR/USA

WO! CANADA Snowboarder Ross Rebagliati lost his gold medal when he tested positive for marijuana. He says he inhaled but hadn't lighted up for months. He got back the gold, and isn't apologizing for his friends' secondhand smoke.

WINNERS & LOSERS

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

KATE WINSLET

The young, winsome star of *Titanic* leads a wave of British nominees for the Best Actress Oscar

KOBE BRYANT

The teenage Los Angeles Lakers phenom showcases his skills at the NBA All Star Game

SPIN

“Unofficial” cover on *South Park* matches TV show's spunk

THE OSCARS

No nomination for Leonardo DiCaprio? For many young fans, he was *Titanic*'s best special effect

CBS

Younger, hipper, snowboarding Olympics are generating more controversy than ratings so far

ROLLING STONE

Tired “official” cover on *South Park* shows mag has lost edge







**“Out here, you come to count
on yourself...
use your own judgment.”**

In these parts, folks don't jump at the first new thing that comes along. You have to look it over first. Whether it's a combine or a cooking oil.

That's what I did with Olean. Turns out, the Crisco® people came up with a way to use soybeans like we grow here as part of a new kind of oil. One that fries up snack chips and such without adding any fat at all...or any calories. Figured it would make them a little healthier to eat than the regular kind.

Well, I tried these new chips. And I decided I liked them. Now, knowing something like this starts with soybeans like mine...it makes me feel good.





FIGURE SKATING

Handicapping the Favorites at Rinkside

TARA LIPINSKI WAS SO AT EASE LAST week in Nagano, Japan, that a number of insiders were marking her as the favorite for the Ladies Figure Skating gold medal, even though **MICHELLE KWAN**



Lipinski

has bragging rights as U.S. National champion. The two rivals, together with another former American champ, **NICOLE BOBEK**, are part of the team that has the Olympics murmuring, "U.S. medals sweep." That kind of talk isn't, of course, going down well with other competitors. Russia's **MARIA BUTYRSKAYA** settled on her target a month ago, sniffing, "Lipinski made mistakes in many competitions this season. I am a good skater too." Last week at practice, Butyrskaya looked impressive. Among the Americans, however, it is Bobek who is vulnerable—but not just because Lipinski and Kwan are considered by most other skaters to be in a class of their own. "I think we'll win the gold and silver," says Rosalynn Summers, the 1984 Olympic silver medalist. But, she adds, "I think a sweep will be tough." Why? "Politics." —By Alice Park/Nagano

BELTWAY FEUDS

Newt and Bill Make Up?

DURING A BREAK IN THE OFFICIAL program at the House Republican retreat last week in Williamsburg, Va., **NEWT GINGRICH** sidled up to **BILL PAXON** and asked if they could have a chat. That raised eyebrows: relations between the two have been ice-cold since last summer, when the New York Congressman lost his leadership job after taking part in a failed coup attempt against the Speaker. Despite the bad blood, Gingrich quietly pressed Paxon for his support when the Speaker runs for re-election in December.

Back me for Speaker once more, Gingrich has been telling Republicans, and I may step down to run for President next year. He has remarked how large and enthusiastic his fund-raising audiences have been. If he seeks the presidency, he almost certainly will not complete his term as



Newt with Rush Limbaugh

Speaker, which is why there is a ferocious race to become his heir apparent. It is also why Paxon, who agreed to support the Speaker, refused when Gingrich urged him to back the re-election of the entire leadership. As Gingrich knows, disgruntled House Republicans are urging Paxon to take on Newt's top deputy, majority leader **DICK ARMEY**. That way, if Gingrich steps down, Paxon would be in position to replace him. Any doubts Gingrich had about how he's really

regarded in the Paxon household were erased later in the week when the *New York Post* excerpted a book written by Paxon's wife, former G.O.P. Congresswoman turned CBS anchor **SUSAN MOLINARI**. It described Gingrich as self-obsessed, suffering delusions of grandeur and prone to tears of self-pity. —By James Carrey/Washington

MOSCOW

Hiding the Booze From Boris

RUSSIAN OFFICIALS WERE DELIGHTED THAT President **BORIS YELTSIN** got through last



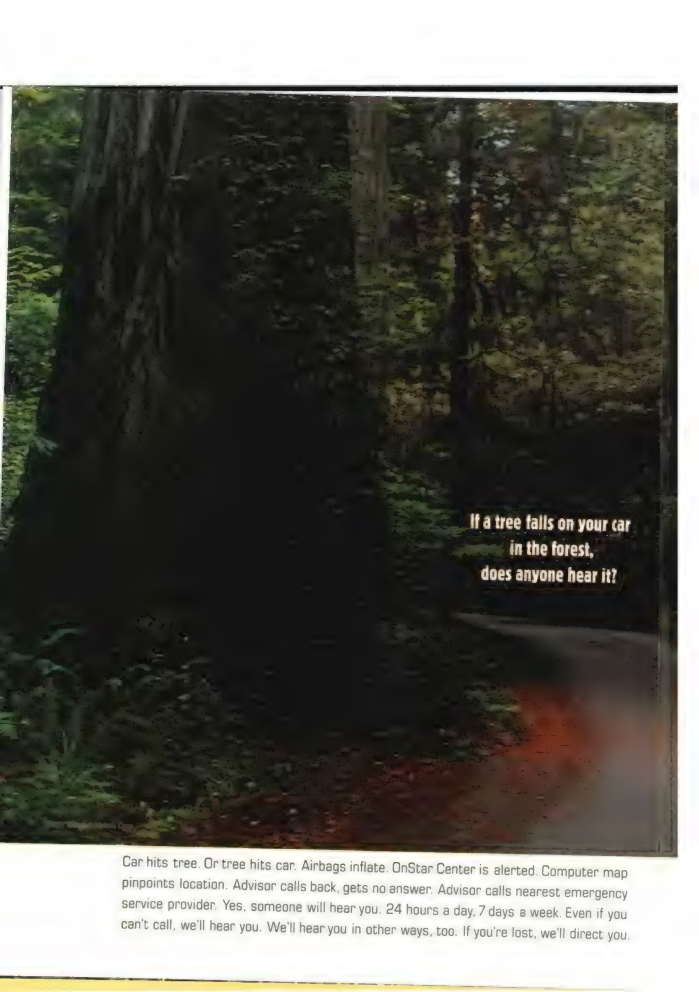
Yeltsin

week's visit to Rome without any of the major gaffes that have become commonplace on his overseas sorties. His hosts were less impressed. Once known for his grasp of complex briefs in high-level negotiations, Yeltsin seemed confused during his meetings, officials said, and reportedly had difficulty telling Italy's Prime Minister, **ROMANO PRODI**, from the country's President, **OSCAR LUIGI SCALFARO**. Though he seemed just a little stiff during his very limited public appearances, officials say that in private he walked with difficulty and seemed in danger of losing his balance whenever he had to turn right or left. The unusual measures reportedly taken by his security detail before he arrived in Rome suggested that his handlers are worried about the recurrence of his drinking problem. Before Yeltsin settled into his suite, officials say, his security men went through the place and removed all alcohol. —By Paul Quinn-Judge/Moscow

THE DRAWING BOARD

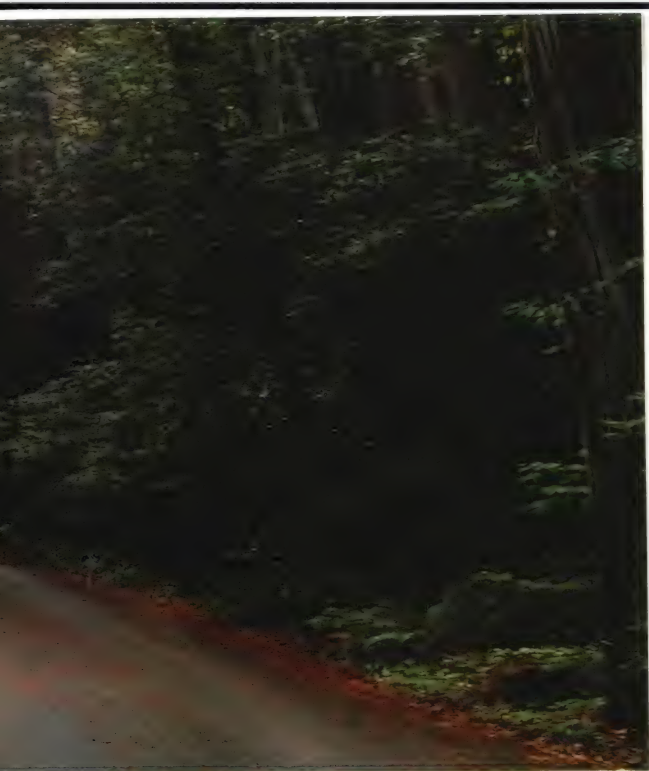


Cartoon for TIME by Ted Rall

A photograph of a dense forest with a path leading into the distance. The trees are tall and thin, with a thick canopy of green leaves. The lighting is dim, suggesting a shaded forest. The path is a light-colored dirt or gravel road that curves slightly to the right in the distance. The overall mood is quiet and somewhat mysterious.

**If a tree falls on your car
in the forest,
does anyone hear it?**

Car hits tree. Or tree hits car. Airbags inflate. OnStar Center is alerted. Computer map pinpoints location. Advisor calls back, gets no answer. Advisor calls nearest emergency service provider. Yes, someone will hear you. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Even if you can't call, we'll hear you. We'll hear you in other ways, too. If you're lost, we'll direct you.



If your car is stolen, we can track it. If you're locked out, we can unlock. It's a service called OnStar. It's available on nearly 2 million new GM vehicles. And it gives you more peace of mind. Because it's a jungle out there. Even when it's only a forest. Call 1-888-ONSTAR-7 or visit our website at www.onstar.com.



Lutz Talk: Avoiding Rinka Dinka Don'ts

FIGURE SKATING IS GREAT, AND men in tights aren't so bad either. But when the two collide, the result is a major fashion bobble. Last week the men in Nagano upheld this sartorially sad tradition, so we asked three cutting-edge designers to create outfits that would help skaters finally stick their landings with style.



Phat Farm gives Alexei Yagudin street cred and some room to breathe



PHAT FARM

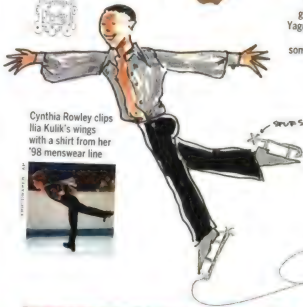
Nicole Miller



Nicole Miller shows Elvis Stojko that fancy doesn't have to be foppish



ELVIS STOJKO



Cynthia Rowley clips Iliia Kulik's wings with a shirt from her '98 menswear line



CYNTHIA ROWLEY

HEALTH REPORT

THE GOOD NEWS

MOVE IT! A major 20-year study on exercise confirms it: you've got to get off the couch. The research, conducted on twins, shows that just half an hour of vigorous exercise twice a week can cut in half the risk of early death.

CLEARING UP A BAD SMEAR What should a college-age woman do if her Pap smear is abnormal? Maybe nothing. A bad Pap is often caused by infection with the human papillomavirus. But in many young women the infection disappears on its own—and along with it, the abnormal cervical cells.

E. COLI BEGONE! An experimental vaccine seems to prevent infection with the *E. coli* bacteria that cause food poisoning.

Sources: Journal of the A.M.A.; New England Journal of Medicine; Journal of Infectious Diseases



BREAN BRONKHORST

THE BAD NEWS

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EARS Parents, sniff it out already! Children under age three who breathe secondhand smoke at home are twice as likely to get persistent middle-ear infections as kids who aren't exposed.

UNFILTERED, PLEASE Doctors often surgically insert a tiny mesh filter into a patient's groin to prevent a blood clot in the leg from traveling to the lung. Now research suggests that people with the filter may get as many lung clots as those without it.

ANTIHISTAMINE ALERT Never take Hismanal with the anti-depressant Prozac, the antibiotic Biaxin—or grapefruit juice. It could have serious, even fatal, side effects. —**By Janice M. Horowitz**

Sources: Archives of Pediatrics & Adolescent Medicine; New England Journal of Medicine; Janssen Pharmaceutics

WASHINGTON DIARY

Margaret Carlson

Should a Mom Rat on Her Daughter?

THERE ARE SOME RIGHTS SO DEEP AND PROTECTIONS SO inalienable that we don't mention them, and neither did the Founding Fathers. If pressed, I would have guessed that parent-child communications fall into that constitutional sweet spot, the Ninth Amendment, which acknowledges rights so sacred they don't need to be enumerated. But that's the lawyer in me reaching. Like almost every other parent in America, I simply took for granted—until I saw Marcia Lewis psychologically strip-searched last week on what she knows about the sex life of her daughter Monica Lewinsky—that the government could not compel me to testify before a grand jury about my daughter Courtney. Or, God forbid, vice versa. Courtney's led a fairly blameless life, after all. But oh, the things she's seen on my end: the excuse-making, the nightgown under the trench coat to drive the car pool, the panic every time I see a gray hair—and that's just the small stuff.

Ken Starr's defenders argue that he is only following standard procedure. But does anyone remember Ted Bundy's mother being called? Or John Gotti's? Surely the parent-child bond is equal to that between husband and wife. Children should be encouraged to confide in their parents, to tell us their secrets, to turn to us for help, in complete confidentiality. It's because we know so much that we shouldn't, by all we hold dear, be made to divulge it. The Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination ought to include the right not to incriminate a child.

Lewis was not at first a particularly sympathetic figure. She describes herself as "a glamorous Beverly Hills writer,"

and on the day she walked into court she had that 90210 sheen. But when she stumbled out two days later, Lewis had the blanched face and limp carriage of a person who had been grievously violated.

You can see why Starr would want Lewis' testimony. Monica moved in with her mother after she got her White House job. She sought her mother's help once she was called by Paula Jones' lawyers. She could help prosecutors more than even Linda Tripp with her surreptitious tapes. When Monica found herself detained by Starr's deputies, she did what every parent wants a child to do: she called home. Lewis could hardly have known that before she jumped on the train from New York she should have read her child her Miranda rights.

Many parents, including this one, would have challenged Starr and risked prison. (Hello, Susan McDougal. How about we get some yoga classes going in the exercise yard?) Just because Starr can call a mother doesn't mean he should. Justice Department guidelines advise against it unless there is serious criminal activity or overriding prosecutorial concerns.

Lewis, however, served a purpose after all. We are now on notice that the conversations we have with our children are not safe from the government. It seems quaint that on the day Monica was handed over by Tripp to Starr's deputies, she could turn to her mother with the expectation that whatever she said, Mom wouldn't tell. But in Ken Starr's America, moms do tell—or else.



FLASHBACK

LAKE PLACID NEWS, FEB. 12, 1932
Governor's Wife Rides with Red Devil Pilot
 "While visiting the Olympic facilities here, despite evident anxiety on the part of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt rode the last mile of the Mount Van Hoevenberg Bob Run. Mrs. Roosevelt had ridden on the Mirror Lake Toboggan Slide several times previous to her experiment on the big run on a sled piloted by Henry Homburger [a Winter Games medalist] of the Saranac Lake Red Devils, but expressed a desire to ride on the track which had put so many contestants on the hospital lists."



DUELING HEADLINES

The Washington Post

Analysis

Ex-Prosecutors
 Uncomfortable
 With Starr's Tactics

By Ruth Marcus
 Published 1/27/98

The analysis of a distraught mother forced to testify about her daughter's sex life presents a vivid portrait of the aggressive approach for independent

Friday, Feb. 13, page A1

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

LAW

Ex-Prosecutors
 Defend Starr's
 Handling of
 Clinton Probe

By Kenneth B. Schwartz

Wall Street Journal's analysis of the Clinton probe offers a different perspective

Friday, Feb. 13, page B2

THE NETLY NEWS

Joshua Quittner

Free South Park!

CAN'T WAIT FOR THE DAY WHEN ALL THE EPISODES of your favorite TV shows are available online, so you can watch whatever you want to watch when you want to watch it? If you're a fan of *South Park*, the foul-mouthed, flannel-board-style cartoon on Comedy Central, that day is here.

Scores of Websites, from *Mr. Hat's Hellhole* to *www.YouKilledKenny.com*, are giving away bootleg copies of the cable-TV show. I smelled an intellectual-property-rights disaster in the making—how long can this go on?—so I called Joe Hager, the 19-year-old sophomore at Drexel University who was the first to put the cartoon on the Net.

It's easy, says Hager. *Park*-ophiles simply record episodes on their VCRs and squeeze the signals into their PCs using a nifty piece of digitizing software called RealVideo. A few simple instructions put the episodes on the Web, where anyone on the Internet can point, click and view them within seconds.

Hager started distributing *South Park* in August, a few days after after RealNetworks began giving away its once pricey server software. Why did he do it? His justification is that while the show is enormously popular with 18-to-25-year-olds, most college students don't have cable. He figures he's performing a public service—and building an even bigger audience for the show. After all, anyone who has seen the grainy PC version knows that it's better on a big-screen TV.

Meanwhile, everyone interested in the intersection of TV

and the Net is sitting straighter in his chair. *South Park's* low production values make it ideal for online distribution. But look down the road a few years when Net connections get faster and RealVideo-type technology improves, and you can see how easy it will be for people to give away everything from

CDs to feature-length films. I figured Comedy Central would be throwing a hissy about this blatant theft of copyrighted material. As usual, I figured wrong.

"We really aren't sure what to do," says Larry Lieberman, a savvy Web user who happens to be the guy at Comedy Central charged with handling this situation. "We do want to protect our property, but we don't want to alienate our fans." Lieberman understands why *South Park* is ripe for the stealing; its surprise success caught Comedy Central in short supply. Fewer than a dozen episodes have been produced, and they are getting heavily recycled.

"With a new episode every week, the itch gets scratched on television," says Lieberman. "But we can't create episodes fast enough." So in a curious way, the Net is helping keep the troops in line. That isn't to say the free lunch will run forever. Indeed, Lieberman says the network already has plans to shut down a few sites—the ones selling ads on their *South Park* pages. Some people!

Read the Netly News daily on the Web at netlynews.com



SURF REPORT

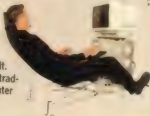
TAKING OFF Still wondering how anyone makes money on the Web? One of the hottest growth areas is booking airlines, hotels and car rentals for vacationing Web surfers.

ONLINE TRAVEL REVENUE
in billions of dollars



CHAIRWARE

PC NOT INCLUDED The Netsurfer Classic from Finnish design company Valvomo is one of the strangest—and most expensive—computer chairs on the market. The leather-and-steel apparatus, \$4,200 at Design Finland in L.A., has ergonomic lumbar supports and adjustable seat tilt. Just lie back, straddle your computer and get wired.



BIG BROTHER

AUDIT THIS With politicians threatening to shut down the IRS, the agency might be itching to get in its last licks. To help fend it off, boot up Tax Checker, a PC program from Tax Defenders that runs your return through a simulated audit designed by a former IRS agent.





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	Other Car	Century	Other Car	Century
	2000	2000	2000	2000
MSRP*	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500
MSRP**	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500
MSRP***	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500
MSRP****	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500
MSRP*****	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500	\$18,500



Century is under \$20,000 and is equipped with a Best Buy of the Century. For a copy of the Consumer Digest Best Buy article, or for more information, visit us online at www.buick.com.

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MILESTONES

SEPARATED. **PATRICK EWING**, 35, injury-sidelined New York Knicks power center, from **RITA**, his wife of 7½ years; in New York City.



CONFIRMED. **DAVID SATCHER**, 56, head of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention; as Surgeon General; in Washington. Political wrangling had left the white coat of "America's family doctor" hanging empty for the past three years.

AWARDED. **CASEY MARTIN**, 25, disabled pro golfer; the right to use a golf cart during tourney play; in Eugene, Ore. Golfers argued that their strolls between holes made golf an endurance sport and that Martin's use of a cart, compensation for a circulatory disorder, was an unfair advantage. Martin is the first professional athlete to sue successfully under the Americans with Disabilities Act.

DIED. **PATRICK CLARK**, 42, pioneer of all sorts: first as a chef whose embrace of French cooking in the 1980s left patrons and rivals sighing, "Mer-veilleux!"; then as a



parent of 1990s American nouvelle cuisine boom; and, as head chef at such to-die-for spots as Odéon and Café Luxembourg, one of the first blacks donning the top toque; of a heart attack; in Princeton, N.J.



DIED. **ENOCH POWELL**, 85, Conservative former member of England's Parliament and classics professor who made his name and killed his career with his infamous 1965 racist "rivers of blood" speech opposing nonwhite immigration; in London. The explosive speech put race on the map of British politics, but it also led to Powell's fall from his party's inner sanctum to its back benches. He never forsook his views, asking in 1995, "What's wrong with racism?"

DIED. **WILLIAM LAMBERT**, 78, Pulitzer-prizewinning forebear of modern-day investigative journalists whose 1969 LIFE exposé of Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas (he accepted \$20,000 from a stock swindler) led to the jurist's resignation nine days later; in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

DIED. **HALLDOR LAXNESS**, 95, Iceland's most famous man of letters and 1955 Nobel prizewinner; in Reykjavik.

NUMBERS

75: Percentage of workers who think it's O.K. to date a co-worker

40: Percentage of workplace romances that lead to marriage or a long-term relationship



\$2 million: Reported amount NBC will charge for a 30-sec. commercial during the final episode of *Seinfeld*

135 million: Viewers expected to watch the final episode of *Seinfeld*

\$100,000: Monthly cost to advertise on a Times Square billboard

40 million: Number of people who pass through Times Square each month



\$32,779: Earnings in 1997 by top pro rodeo bull rider Ty Hickerson

100: Number of serious injuries incurred during the 1997 rodeo circuit

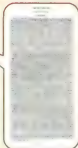
\$352,044: Winnings in 1997 by top pro bowler Walter Ray Williams Jr.

0: Number of serious injuries incurred during the 1997 bowling circuit

USA Today; New York Times; Outdoor Advertising Association; NIT Professional Rodeo Association; Professional Bowlers Association

ANNALS OF CREATIVE BIOGRAPHY

RAMPANT RESUMANIA Don't politicians love to talk! Take Senators. And their résumés in the Congressional Directory—printed at taxpayers' expense. On average, it takes 14 lines of fine print for each of the 100 to list family, educational pedigrees, military valor, career coups and "distinguished" awards (Republicans tend to need 15 lines, Democrats only 13). Who's the Senate's run-off-at-the-mouth winner? None other than its filibuster champion, Strom Thurmond, at—count 'em—79 lines. The Top 10 boosters:



SENATOR (seniority rank) Directory Lines

Strom Thurmond: R, South Carolina (1) ...	79
Ernest Hollings: D, South Carolina (5) ...	33
Dianne Feinstein: D, California (30) ...	29
Dan Coats: R, Indiana (26) ...	28
Chuck Hagel: R, Nebraska (39) ...	28
Byron Dorgan: D, North Dakota (31) ...	25
William Frist: R, Tennessee (36) ...	25
Orin Hatch: R, Utah (13) ...	25

Most Terse:

Robert Byrd: D, West Virginia (2) ...	5
Lauch Faircloth: R, North Carolina (32) ...	5

We try everything we can to avoid a delayed flight. everything we know. And one other thing: We'll say
But when one does happen, we promise you this: we're sorry. We know how hard traveling is. (We
We'll tell you the minute we know. We'll tell you do it for a living, too.) So instead of "handling" you



Empowered
Employees



Regular
Updates



Faster
Check-ins



Premier
Benefits



Star
Alliance



like some sort of public relations problem, we'll
give you a candid, complete explanation. As well
as frequent and up-to-the-minute reports on the

status of your flight. So you'll know if you have
time to make a phone call, buy a paper, whatever.
Let's call it, if you'll pardon us, the plane truth.

 **UNITED**
R I S I N G

*Does the truth really
need to be sugarcoated?*



Official Sponsor of the

By RICHARD LACAYO

AFTER 10 DAYS AT HER FATHER'S HOME IN LOS Angeles, Monica Lewinsky flew back to Washington last week. And Washington, which was trying hard to care about Iraq, the budget surplus and the tobacco deal, held its breath. All week the legal and political pageantry in *That Story* favored the President, at least in public. The spectacle of independent prosecutor Kenneth Starr's putting the screws to Lewinsky's mother, followed by the subpoenas to Secret Service agents, helped consolidate the White House spin that Starr's investigation is a full-speed, partisan vendetta. But the White House and Starr's office both know that everything up to now is merely prelude to the one event that can change the entire dynamic of the scandal: Lewinsky's grand-jury testimony, which could happen as early as this week.

President Clinton's strategy so far has been simple. Say almost nothing; buy time. The time has been needed to get past the first weeks of revelations, to let Clinton marshal his forces and to allow everybody to digest the thought of a goatish President unbuckling with an intern. But if Lewinsky testifies the way she is expected to, the President's "no comment" approach may not work anymore.

Lewinsky was prepared two weeks ago to testify unequivocally to a sexual relationship with the President, though she denied that she and Clinton had engaged in intercourse.

If Lewinsky offers that story to the grand jury, even if she does not say that Clinton urged her to lie to the lawyers for Paula Jones, she's on a collision course with the President. Clinton then has two choices. One would be to change his own story to conform more closely to hers, which means stepping back from his earlier

denial. Though polls show that more than half of Americans already think he had sex with Lewinsky—and most of them would be pleased to forget about it and move on—they may not be looking forward to watching another episode of Clinton's bending the answers to a question about his personal life into yet another wiggly shape.

Clinton's other option would be to cast doubt on Lewinsky's own credibility. That can be done gently, by depicting her as a cornered victim of Starr's ruthless investigation—or not so gently, by playing up the idea that she's inventing or exaggerating details of their relationship. But that tactic runs the risk of appearing to victimize Lewinsky all over again. In a scandal in which much of the political fallout will center on who's taking advantage of women, the all too warm Clinton or the all too chilly Starr, that's one more tricky path.

On the eve of Lewinsky's testimony, White House officials

TURNING UP THE HEAT

By grilling Monica's mom, Ken Starr lays the groundwork for his very reluctant star witness



IN PURSUIT Once his Lewinsky probe is done, Starr is expected to let Congress decide what to do next



TIME

MOTHER'S DAY Starr
compelled Marcia Lewis
to testify about what her
daughter may have said

were already working to explain some of the less helpful details of the curious relationship between the President and the Intern. One detail involves how gifts from the President to Lewinsky, which had been subpoenaed by Paula Jones' attorneys, happened to end up in the possession of presidential secretary Betty Currie. According to Lewinsky's account, given by her lawyers to Starr, Clinton told her if she did not have the gifts, she would not have to turn them over. Numerous press reports have suggested that Currie "retrieved" them. Late last week two sources close to the President told *TIME* that Monica herself had returned the gifts to Currie. Lewinsky sent them by courier from the Pentagon to the White House. Lewinsky gave them to Currie with this instruction: "Keep these for me. I'll get them back some day."

Lewinsky's attorney William Ginsburg was still trying last week to quash Starr's subpoena altogether, a move that nobody expected would succeed. But he says Lewinsky won't defy the subpoena and will answer any questions once she has been granted some kind of immunity. Ginsburg has also noted cryptically that when Lewinsky gets to the grand-jury room, presidential friend Vernon Jordan may not like what she has to say. And there is evi-



ON COURSE The Clintons kept to business as usual as Lewinsky, at left leaving her father's home, headed east



COULD CLINTON STILL SETTLE WITH JONES?

By JAY BRANEGAN and VIVECA NOVAK

WHY DIDN'T NIXON BURN THE TAPES? ONE OF THE GREAT political puzzles of the late 20th century has been joined by another: "Why didn't Clinton settle with Paula Jones before Monica Lewinsky hit the headlines?" It was, after all, the search for "other women" who could support Jones' story that brought Monica to light in the first place. And yet, even as the Lewinsky saga has strengthened Jones' public posture, it has not helped her prospects in court. Sources tell *TIME* that the Jones team has put out quiet feelers to see whether Clinton might want to talk again about settlement, only to find that the President may want a trial after all.

The last serious attempt at a deal, which included a proposed \$700,000 payment and a carefully hedged statement from Clinton, founded in September when Jones demanded a full apology. By the time the Lewinsky story broke, disclosing an alleged pattern of exploitive sexual behavior by the President, the price tag had jumped to more than \$2 million, a figure too embarrassing for the White House to entertain. But the legal and perceptual ground has shifted since then, mostly when Judge Susan Webber Wright ruled last month that the whole Lewinsky saga could not be admitted in the Jones case.

Now another key witness could end up doing Jones more harm than good. Her team was hoping that the testimony of former White House volunteer Kathleen Willey would help their

case. Willey has reportedly said in a videotaped deposition that Clinton made an uninvited pass at her in the White House in November 1993, when Willey came to talk with the President about job opportunities. But sources tell *TIME* that Julie Hiatt Steele, once a close friend of Willey's, signed an affidavit last Friday, at the request of Clinton's lawyers, suggesting that the encounter may have been more innocent than Willey claims and that Willey asked her to lie about it.

According to Steele's lawyer, John West, Steele got a call one day in early 1997 from Willey, who was talking with *Newsweek* reporter Michael Isikoff. Could Isikoff come to interview her about Willey's visit to the Oval Office? Steele agreed but wondered why. While Isikoff was on his way to Steele's house, Willey called her again and told her what to say—that Willey had come to her house after returning from Washington that day, described a sexual advance by Clinton and was in great distress.

In reality, West says, there was no such visit, and Steele didn't even learn of Willey's session with the President until weeks later. When she did, West told *TIME*, she was left with the impression that there was nothing more than "mutual affection" between Willey and Clinton, not a sexual encounter and nothing in any way upsetting. Willey, according to a source, sent Clinton a book on dealing with loss shortly after his mother died and less than two months after the encounter. She also sent the President friendly notes and asked him to arrange a visit for a friend of hers with a brain tumor. These are hardly the actions



dence that Starr has not lost interest in Jordan: FBI agents have been asking questions around Washington's Park Hyatt, one of Jordan's preferred lunch hangouts.

Starr's office was reluctant to cut a deal with Lewinsky for full immunity in part because she balked at accusing the President of proposing or assisting in the cover-up. In particular, Starr wants her to say more about who developed the "talking points" that Lewinsky allegedly wanted Tripp to use to guide Tripp's own affidavit to the Paula Jones lawyers. Other sources close to the case, however, say her testimony about the talking points will not be explosive because there is no evidence that the points were generated by anybody at the White House.

Starr's concerns that Lewinsky's testimony by itself would not make a complete case against Clinton is what led him and his prosecutors to step up attempts to corroborate the claims she made in the taped conversations. Not all of it is in the form of witness testimony. Starr is in possession of E-mails sent last year by Lewinsky to Tripp. Sources tell TIME that the communications show Lewinsky paid close attention to the President's schedule, activities and whereabouts. All the same, Ginsburg dismisses the significance of the messages. "There is no smoking gun," he says.

The search for corroboration led to the parade of witnesses now appearing before Starr's Washington grand jury. He began two weeks ago with Ashley Raines, a former White House aide who reportedly claimed that Monica shared details of the affair with her and played telephone messages that Clinton had left on Lewinsky's answering machine. Last week Starr also questioned Neysa DeMann Erbland, 24, a longtime friend of Lewinsky's who reportedly testified that Monica told her she had oral sex with the President. Erbland, who has known Lewinsky since they were both students at Beverly Hills High School, is part of a family well known in the entertainment business. She arrived at the courthouse accompanied by her father, Freddy DeMann, the record producer who co-founded Maverick records with Madonna. Her husband Chris Erbland is a writer for the NBC sitcom *Mad About You*.

But even as Starr was picking up hits and pieces of a case, the White House could still take comfort from the fact that he was also employing a hazardous strategy: squeezing Lewinsky's mother by bringing her before the Washington grand jury for seven hours of questioning over two days, with a third possible this week. Marcia Lewis and her daughter are close confi-

of an aggrieved woman. Further, last year Willey called Nancy Herrreich, director of Oval Office Operations, to warn the White House that Isikoff was nosing around, but she assured Herrreich that she had nothing to divulge.

Steele's affidavit is obviously a help for Bob Bennett and All the President's Lawyers; the President doesn't hit on women, the argument will go, he just comforts them in distress, and they may misunderstand or exaggerate that gesture. In fact, says a source close to Clinton, it was the President who was upset by the whole Willey affair. She and her husband Edward, a lawyer, were longtime supporters who had run into serious trouble: Edward was accused of embezzling nearly \$300,000 from clients. Peniless and publicly humiliated, Willey came to see Clinton, weeping and distraught, and he felt her pain, the source says, only to find himself accused two years later of harassing her. While Willey was in Washington, she learned the next day that her husband had put a bullet through his head.

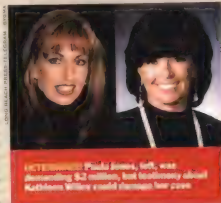
If Steele's affidavit undermines Willey's testimony, it becomes just one more reason the White House may be wanting a trial and the Jones camp may be looking for a deal. At this point, some aides argue, Clinton has little more to lose: the damage to his reputation has been done, and if the jury rules

against him, he can blame the poisonous atmosphere around Kenneth Starr's investigation. If he were to win, he could spin the victory into a vindication against all accusations against him.

Though Jones' lawyers maintain that their case is strong even without the Lewinsky evidence, their bargaining position may have weakened and their calculation changed accordingly. Courtesy of Starr, Jones has already won a large share of the credibility she wanted from a jury verdict. An associate describes her as "tired" and eager to avoid the kind of public savaging Lewinsky has suffered. Book deals should make her wealthy. If she were to get out of the case now, she might well be selling at the top.

If, on the other hand, the case goes to trial, she faces some high hurdles. Jones' investigators have found no new lovers beyond the dozen or so already alleged in the tabloids. Six, whose depositions were subpoenaed by Starr, have denied under oath any affairs with Clinton. The case would be tried in Little Rock, where Clinton is still a favorite son, before 12 jurors, and Jones would need a unanimous verdict to win. That's a big gamble, especially against a man with record approval ratings, whose capacity to get in trouble is exceeded only by the charm he can deploy in getting out of it. —With reporting

by Margaret Carlson/Washington



LEFT: *Lawyer Paula Jones, left, was demanding \$2 million, but eventually agreed Kathleen Willey could shatter her case.*

dants who share an apartment in the Watergate complex. Starr wants to hear Lewis say her daughter told her stories of a sexual relationship with the President that corroborate what Lewinsky said in the conversations secretly taped by Linda Tripp. If she also testifies that Monica told her Clinton tried to get her to lie to lawyers for Paula Jones, Starr could move his case beyond one of sexual conduct to criminal conduct.

But to get her on the stand, Starr had to thrust himself into the public relations nightmare of forcing a mother to testify against her own child. Though Starr was operating within the law, not many people have seen up close how rough the law can get when a determined prosecutor pulls out all the stops. And the very notion of turning mother against daughter plays into the hands of the critics who say that the independent counsel is on a mad tear. If Lewinsky were accused of a violent crime, maybe terrorism or espionage, it might seem reasonable to apply heat to her family. But the underlying claim in this case is sexual misbehavior. At the White House, a derisive staff member summed up Starr's strategy: "Throw Momma in front of the train."

It didn't help that Lewis emerged from her second day of testimony looking like the train had hit her. She had been made to listen to some of Linda Tripp's secretly recorded tapes of Monica's conversations, in all their graphic detail. Lewis reportedly screamed and suffered an anxiety attack—to the point where a nurse and a wheelchair were brought to her side. In the end, Lewis didn't require either. But she left the proceedings looking pale and shaken. "He's tortured her," Lewinsky's attorney Ginsburg told TIME. "It was intended to be a clear signal to the others, including Monica, that he's going to be rough." Starr ventured into controversial territory a second time by trying to get testimony from Secret Service agents who protect the President. Lewis Fox, a retired agent, was summoned to the courthouse after he was quoted in the *Washington Post* saying that on a weekend afternoon late in 1995 he ushered Lewinsky into the Oval Office, where she and Clinton were alone for 40 minutes. Clinton has said he doesn't recall ever having been alone with Lewinsky. Fox's attorney Michael Leibig claims Clinton told Fox that day that Lewinsky would not just be dropping off documents but would be there for a while. But Leibig also says his client did not know whether the pair was alone in the

large office, which has several other doors through which people could have entered and left without passing Fox.

The prospect of being sucked into Starr's machinery set off alarms among other agents, who worry about being compelled to report on a President's words and actions. If bodyguards can be forced to become hostile witnesses, Presidents may end up sometimes trying to shake them, with unhappy results for presidential safety. So Fox left the courthouse last week without being questioned, because Starr's prosecutors were negotiating with officials of the Justice and Treasury departments over

sponding to rumors that they had been involved with Clinton since the early 1980s. The sixth is Shelia Lawrence, widow of M. Larry Lawrence, the former U.S. ambassador to Switzerland whose body was removed last month from Arlington National Cemetery. Lawrence, who was rumored to have had an affair with Clinton during the 1992 campaign, has stated publicly that in her deposition to the Jones lawyers, she flatly denied "a sexual or romantic relationship of any type with President Clinton."

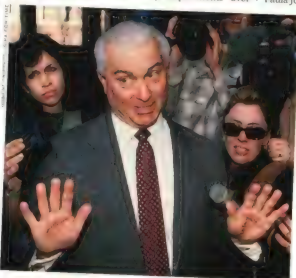
Starr was facing more accusations last week of being too closely involved with the Paula Jones legal team. Robert Bennett, Clinton's attorney in the Jones suit,

had filed a subpoena requesting Kirkland & Ellis, the law firm in which Starr still serves as a private attorney, to turn over any materials related to work it may have done on behalf of Jones. Though the firm has never formally represented Jones or any other party to the case, Bennett wants to know, among other things, who at Kirkland & Ellis faxed the *Chicago Tribune* a copy of an affidavit in the Jones case several days before the affidavit was officially filed in court last fall.

Speculation about Starr's having an improper connection to the Jones case took an added twist late last week. In a story first reported Saturday by the *Washington Post*, and confirmed by TIME, Linda Tripp secretly met with one of Jones' lawyers on Jan. 16, the

night before Clinton gave his deposition in the Paula Jones case, to tell them about Lewinsky's alleged affair with the President. That briefing gave members of the Jones legal team more ammunition for detailed questions they asked Clinton the next day, including whether he had ever given her gifts or been alone with her. But it also raised questions about whether Starr knew that Tripp, who was already working with his investigation, was also assisting the Jones team. Jones' lawyers insist that they did not know then that Tripp was working with Starr.

Starr is moving fast to wrap up the Lewinsky part of his investigations. For one thing, as soon as he's off stage, the White House strategy of making him the issue loses steam. And since legal experts are divided on whether a sitting President can be charged with a crime—like most of them, Starr leans toward no—he's also not expected to indict Clinton himself, even if he does decide he has sufficient evidence to charge the President with perjury or obstruction of justice. Instead Starr is likely to hand off the whole mess to the House Judiciary Commit-



FOX HUNT Retired agent Fox was called to the grand-jury courthouse after saying he had ushered Lewinsky into the Oval Office

ground rules for such a session. Under an agreement reached on Friday, Starr will be permitted to pursue "limited questioning" of Fox, so long as the "protective techniques and procedures of the Secret Service are not disclosed." But the two sides are still haggling over how to interrogate other agents, including one on active duty whom Starr has subpoenaed.

Many lawyers involved in the case are waiting for Starr to issue subpoenas to six women who have already testified under oath that they did not have an affair with Clinton. Starr's goal is to determine whether anyone induced them to cover up for the President. The six were deposed by attorneys for Paula Jones as part of Jones' lawsuit against Clinton. Five of them have been re-

tee, where its 35 members would have to decide if what Starr gives them amounts to the kind of "high crimes and misdemeanors" that justify an impeachment proceeding.

Republicans are hardly unhappy to see Clinton in his present predicament. All the same, they are in no hurry to move to an impeachment inquiry that could carry as many risks for them as it does for him. Clinton's approval rating is at an all-time high. In a *Wall Street Journal/NBC* poll last week, it reached an upper atmosphere 79%, a number so tall that White House aides are playing it down because it only invites future headlines about Clinton's approval rating dropping. What it means for Republicans is that any impeachment proceeding would be a complicated gift. A vote in the full House would be presided over by Speaker Newt Gingrich, a man with some of the lowest approval ratings in America. "The Republicans don't have a lot of credibility on this stuff," says a cautiously confident aide to the President. "Everyone thinks they're partisan." The prospect of a conviction in the Senate, where the trial stage of any impeachment would be held, is also slim. It would require a two-thirds majority to convict a sitting President, which in turn would require 12 Democrats to join all the Senate Republicans in a vote against Clinton.

But a lingering accusation of perjury against Clinton that never comes to any conclusion is also not much of a win for the Democrats. Republicans may be content to draw out the role of Congress in the inquiry as a way to bleed the Democrats through this year's election and into 2000, making the whole process a dagger aimed directly at the heart of Al Gore. Judiciary Committee chairman Henry Hyde could choose, for example, to hold "preliminary" hearings before ratcheting them up to full-scale impeachment hearings, after taking the maximum amount of time to study the truckload of documents dumped by Starr on his doorstep.

And if Clinton's approval ratings remain stubbornly high, Republicans might even forgo taking any action at all, hoping all the while that even without the drama of an impeachment hearing, Clinton's authority, and his ability to push through the rest of his agenda, will simply wilt under a continuing barrage of ridicule and distaste. It's not exactly a political advantage for the President to seem like his own perennial bimbo eruption. Hillary Clinton insisted to some reporters last week that the crisis will "slowly dissipate over time." That could very well be. But while that's happening, the Clinton presidency is not likely to prosper.

—Reported by

Margaret Carlson, James Carney, Michael Duffy, Viveca Novak, Karen Turnisky and Michael Weisskopf/Washington

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE JUDGE

WHEN HENRY J. HYDE WENT TO WASHINGTON IN 1975 TO REPRESENT the western suburbs of Chicago in Congress, he was advised to steer clear of the House Judiciary Committee if he wanted an interesting assignment. The year before, the whole nation had watched the committee conduct the sensational impeachment hearings that led President Nixon to resign. "I was told that the golden days of the committee were over, that it would sink into desuetude," Hyde remembers. "But I was a lawyer, so I was drawn to it."

Twenty-three years later, his instinct has put Hyde at the center of one of Washington's biggest political dramas since Watergate. Once Kenneth Starr finishes gathering evidence against Bill Clinton, he is almost certain to turn over the case to Congress. Then it will be up to chairman Hyde to wield the gavel as the House Judiciary Committee contemplates impeachment again. "To participate in that would be very exciting," says Hyde, 73. "But I don't relish seeking to undo the outcome of two presidential elections."

That Hyde would be the Republican sitting in judgment of Bill Clinton is good news for impeachment-minded Republicans seeking a nonpartisan veneer. Though revered by conservatives (and considered as a replacement for Speaker Newt Gingrich during his ethics troubles), Hyde enjoys the respect of even the most liberal Democrats. "Henry is a man of dignity; he knows the rules, and he follows the rules," proclaims Barney Frank, the committee Democrat whose sister, Ann Lewis, is White House communications director. Former congressional titan and fellow Chicagoan Dan Rostenkowski remembers flying to and from Washington with Hyde as he clipped newspaper articles and underlined history books. "Henry's a student, a real thinker," he says. "I'm very comfortable with him in charge."

Perhaps that's because Hyde, like Rostenkowski, grew up working class and Catholic in Chicago—an almost exclusively Democratic environment. When Hyde was a boy, his father's job was collecting coins from pay telephones. After winning a basketball scholarship to Georgetown, the 6-ft.-3-in. Hyde served two years in the Navy during World War II. During lulls overseas, he studied Marx and Lenin and began to worry that America's strategic alliance with Stalin had made the Democratic Party too soft on communism. He volunteered as a Democrat for Ike in 1956, then switched parties. It wasn't until 1968, when a colleague in the state legislature asked him to co-sponsor a bill to make abortions easier to obtain in Illinois, that Hyde confronted the issue that would later define his career. By the time he got to Congress, Hyde was ardently, and articulately, pro-life. He pushed through the first bill restricting federal funding for abortion.

But this widower and father of four is not doctrinaire about his conservatism. After a fact-finding trip to the Deep South in 1985, he led a mini-C.O.P. revolt against the Reagan Administration to push through re-authorization of the Voting Rights Act. He infuriated Republican colleagues by siding with Clinton in support of gun control and the Family Leave Act, and then by leading the successful fight against a central tenet of Gingrich's Contract with America: term limits. Calling them "the dumbest idea since synthetic leatherette," Hyde once warned that forcing out veteran lawmakers to make room for neophyte "citizen legislators" would prove costly to the Republic. "You are going to deny to this country in times of real crisis the cool, wise, experienced heads that are necessary in those times," Hyde could have been talking about himself.

—By James Carney/Washington



CONGRESSMAN HENRY HYDE, a lawyer by training, is respected on both sides of the aisle.

HOW THE ATTACK ON

TURKEY

INCIRLIK
AIR BASE

FROM BASES IN ITALY, PORTUGAL, SPAIN AND GERMANY

SYRIA

ORDER OF BATTLE

FIRST WAVE



In an initial night attack, Navy warships and subs armed with hundreds of precision missiles target sites too risky to be attacked except at long range. F-117 stealth fighters zip out of Kuwait, flying undetected into Iraq and targeting communication centers and radars with 2,000-lb. (900 kg) laser-guided bombs.

SECOND WAVE



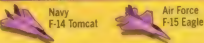
The EA-6B Prowler, EF-111 Raven, and the F-16CJ work together to jam enemy radar and destroy surface-to-air missile batteries, making it safe for the bombers.

THIRD WAVE

Bomb-laden B-1s from Bahrain and missile-loaded B-52s from Diego Garcia aim for high-value targets, such as airfields, launching weapons from high altitudes. Refueling planes coming from Oman rendezvous with the B-52s.



FOURTH WAVE



F-15 Eagles and F-14 Tomcats patrol the skies for hostile Iraqi jets. Meanwhile the F/A-18 Hornets, F-16 Falcons and British Tornados roar in to attack palace sites, Republican Guard headquarters and weapons manufacturing buildings.



SURVEILLANCE

Throughout the battle, the ES-3A Shadow jet on Saudi Arabia's border vacuums up Iraqi radio transmissions. E-3 AWACS and E-2 Hawkeyes gather last-minute intelligence and scour the skies for enemy jets as they also direct the attack.



IRAQ

KEY

- Conventional weapons
- Palaces
- Air-defense and missile sites
- Troops
- Air bases
- Chemical and biological weapon facilities

TIME Map by Joel Lorbis

IRAQ IS PLANNED

The bombs will hit Saddam hard, but they probably won't kill him or end his drive for bioweapons

By BRUCE W. NELAN

INSIDE OPERATION DESERT STORM, THE MILITARY JUGGERNAUT that freed Kuwait in 1991, was a small, secret operation all its own: an effort to kill Saddam Hussein. Of the 40,000 U.S. air attacks during the Gulf War, about 40 were aimed at the Iraqi leader's headquarters, residences, command bunkers and buildings he was expected to visit. Pentagon lawyers had ruled that Saddam was a legal target because he was considered a wartime military commander. But in the end it didn't matter. Saddam and his entire family came through without a scratch.

Saddam was, and is, too elusive to kill. During the Gulf War he stayed off the radio and telephone to avoid being pinpointed by signal intercepts, and he dispatched his orders and speeches on tape. Even now he moves two doubles around to mislead potential assassins. Intelligence sources tell TIME that Saddam has his bodyguards pick six homes where he might sleep. At the last minute he chooses his resting place, making sure it's never the same spot two nights in a row. Sometimes he spends the night in a well-guarded van pulled into the bushes at the side of a remote road.

This time if and when Operation Desert Thunder is launched against Iraq, the Pentagon says it doesn't plan to



IN THE PERSIAN GULF

American forces include two aircraft carriers, 32 ships, 28,000 personnel and 300 warplanes
British forces include two aircraft carriers

ON DIEGO GARCIA

14 B-52 bombers

IN BAHRAIN

39 warplanes

IN QATAR

Equipment for one armored brigade

IN OMAN

Five KC-10 air-refueling tankers

IN KUWAIT

Equipment for one armored brigade
42 warplanes
4,500 troops

IN SAUDI ARABIA

Will only allow AWACS, aerial tankers and other support aircraft to participate

DHAHRAN AIR BASE
Dhahran

SHEIKH ISA AIR BASE

PRINCE SULTAN AIR BASE

IRAN

ZAGROS MOUNTAINS
Tulaymaniyah

AL JABER AIR BASE

Basra

CRUISE MISSILES

F-117 NIGHTHAWK

INTELLIGENCE

U.S.S. George Washington with 85 aircraft

U.S.S. Independence with 85 aircraft

Persian Gulf

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Dhahran

SHEIKH ISA AIR BASE

PRINCE SULTAN AIR BASE



ARMED RESPONSE: Federal agents search for the bombing suspect near Murphy, N.C.

Mountain Manhunt

The FBI names a suspect in the bombing of an Alabama abortion clinic. But can he be found?

By SYLVESTER MONROE ATLANTA

HE DIDN'T ACT MUCH LIKE A MAN ON the run. Not at first. Ten hours after last month's fatal bombing of an abortion clinic in Birmingham, Ala., Eric Robert Rudolph strolled into a video store near his mobile home in the mountains of North Carolina, his hair still damp from a shower, and rented an action-adventure movie. He returned it the next morning and rented another tape. "He's always been very prompt," says clerk Dedra McGrady, "in returning his rentals."

But Rudolph still hasn't returned the second tape—perhaps because that same afternoon, on Jan. 30, FBI investigators named him as a "material witness" to the bombing. Rudolph, 31, is registered as the owner of a putty-colored Nissan pickup whose license number a witness recorded as the truck drove away from the New Woman All Women's Health Center moments after a pipe bomb filled with nails had exploded, killing an off-duty police officer and maiming a nurse.

Last week a pair of raccoon hunters led federal agents to that truck, mired to its axles in soggy woods near Rudolph's trailer in Murphy, a hamlet tucked into the southwestern corner of North Carolina. By the weekend, the FBI had enough evidence to charge Rudolph with the bombing and offer a \$100,000 reward. That evidence, investigators say, includes explosives residue in the truck and in a storage shed Rudolph had rented, fibers from a blond wig like the one a witness had seen a man remove as he ran from the bombing scene, and a folding

shovel with dirt believed to match the soil where the bomb had been buried beneath a flowerpot.

By the time lawmen arrived in Murphy, however, Rudolph had stopped at the local grocery to stock up on raisins, trail mix and eight packs of flashlight batteries. Then, apparently on foot, he vanished, leading more than 100 federal agents and local officers on a manhunt across rugged terrain right out of the best-selling novel *Cold Mountain*. Agents of the FBI and the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms armed themselves with semiautomatic rifles and bulletproof vests as they searched Rudolph's trailer and poked cautiously under neighbors' porches and in their barns. Helicopters clattered overhead, using infrared scanners that can detect body heat amid brush and darkness. And two bloodhounds named after TV detectives, Colombo and Quincy, were flown in from Texas.

Leaders of the search believe that Rudolph, a former Army paratrooper trained in wilderness survival, remains on foot, holed up in nearby mountains. "The area is vast," says FBI special agent Craig Dahle, "and locals say, 'Lotsa luck.'" Other investigators are asking acquaintances and associates. Who, really, is Eric Rudolph?

A sometime carpenter with a good reputation among those who've hired him, Rudolph is one of five children reared by a strict

and deeply religious mother. Their father, an airline pilot, died when Rudolph was in his early teens. Teresa Morgan, 28, who attended school with the Rudolph kids, described them as "very well mannered." Everything was "yes, ma'am" and "no, sir." Rudolph, she recalls, was so bright and attentive in class that he could pass exams "without ever reading a textbook." He harbored "very extreme views" but was quiet and something of a loner. When other kids would go to a local lake to picnic and swim with family or friends, they would see him there by himself.

Rudolph's history teacher, Angelia Bateman, recalls that when she had the class write a report on World War II, Rudolph "challenged the prevalent view of Hitler and wrote that the Holocaust never occurred." Asked the source of his information, he cited a right-wing pamphlet.

Ever since his father died, Rudolph has been strongly influenced by a family friend named Thomas Wayne Branham. Owner of a sawmill and an avid survivalist, Branham was once arrested on federal weapons charges after machine guns and explosives were found on his property. (The charges were dismissed on appeal.) He and Rudolph's mother taught Rudolph to distrust federal authority, and it took hold. Rudolph told friends he wouldn't get a Social Security number lest it be used to track his movements. Branham declined to be interviewed, but his brother James, who also knows Rudolph, says, "I can't imagine that Eric would be involved in this bombing. My brother feels the same way."

Rudolph dropped out of school after the ninth grade, later earning a general-equivalency diploma. He attended Western Carolina University for two semesters and served 18 months in the Army's elite 101st Airborne Division.

Rudolph and his mother, investigators say, are longtime followers of the late Nord William Davis Jr., a leader of the Christian Identity movement, which holds that the U.S. should be governed according to the

Bible rather than federal law. The Southern Poverty Law Center in Montgomery, which tracks extremist groups, reports that after Davis died last September, one eulogy invoked an image of "the Army of God being led by Christ on a horse." "The Army of God is the name used by those who claimed responsibility for the Birmingham clinic bombing and two similar bombings in Atlanta.

—Reported by Greg Fulton/Birmingham and Timothy Roche/Murphy



ERIC RUDOLPH learned wilderness survival as an Army paratrooper



The remarkable thing is, you can't even see it from the narrow stretch of highway that takes you there. Instead, you are struck only by the rich green hue of the surrounding hills for which the town was named.

In short, it's about as far removed as you can get from how anyone might picture the setting for a car factory.

So where exactly is Spring Hill? Let's just say it's about a million miles from Detroit.

And ever since the first Saturn rolled off the assembly line there, it's brought a breath of notably fresh air to the auto industry. A place where it's actually become possible to start over and build a car in this country better than it's ever been built before.

Where labor and management share an equal voice. Factory technicians are free to act on their ideas. And a group of spirited retailers have made it easy and—dare we say—*fun* to buy a car.

All in all, a pretty different place. To which we ask, when do you suppose doing the right thing won't be considered different?



A DIFFERENT KIND of COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND of CAR.

The 1998 Saturn SC2 comes with an M.S.R.P. of \$15,295, including A.C. dealer prep and transportation. (Promo options, tax and license are extra.) Visit us online to provide more information at 1-800-522-5000, or visit us on the Internet at www.saturn.com. ©1997 Saturn Corporation. SATURN.

target Saddam. The operation's bombing campaign, scheduled to go on for about a week, would drop most of its bombs and cruise missiles on four sets of targets: first, Iraq's air-defense network and the command centers that wire it together; second, the buildings and bunkers that allied intelligence has linked with the production of biological and chemical weapons; third, support facilities for poison-gas production, including some of the "presidential palaces" and the Republican Guard units that protect them; and fourth, military forces and weaponry that Saddam could use to attack his neighbors.

On the eve of what is shaping up as the biggest combat operation of his presidency, Bill Clinton has begun to alter his private and public posture in ways that suggest war is just around the corner. He has been on the phone to as many as three foreign Presidents a day pleading for support. The Pentagon has been freely releasing sensitive information on its deployments to the gulf, hoping the show of force will scare Saddam into backing down. The CIA director, George Tenet, briefs Clinton daily on how the Iraqi dictator is hiding military equipment to escape damage from bombardment. This week, following closely in George Bush's Desert Storm footsteps, Clinton travels to the Pentagon for a final review of the targets.

In recent days, Clinton and his advisers have become much more candid—and realistic—about their goals: the White House realizes that air attacks probably won't topple Saddam or force him to open his doors to unrestricted access by U.N. inspectors. So Clinton and his aides have fallen back to a more limited strategy: chip away at Saddam's ability to make horror weapons, delay the day Saddam is able to use them against neighbors, and then do it again after 12 months, if necessary. That way, the Administration can hail almost any damage to Iraqi targets as a success.

No one expects the operation to be bloodless. The White House has begun preparing Americans for unpleasant pictures from Baghdad and less-than-perfect results from the battlefield. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, Defense Secretary William Cohen and National Security Adviser Sandy Berger were scheduled to

hold a town meeting in Columbus, Ohio, this week on the military operation. General Henry H. Shelton, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, last week went out of his way to prepare the public for the death of some U.S. servicemen. "The truth is, war is a dirty thing," he said.

The first hint to Saddam that the sky is falling again will come in the darkest hour of the night. He'll hear the whine of dozens of titanium-clad cruise missiles as they arrive in Baghdad from U.S. warships and submarines in the Persian Gulf and per-

batteries are destroyed. That assignment is in the hands of electronic-warfare planes like the Air Force's EF-111 Ravens and F-16CJs and the Navy's EA-6B Prowlers, which will fly in behind the F-117s. Their jammers blank out ground-based radar and computer screens, and some of them let fly with HARM missiles, which home in on and destroy radar installations, leaving anti-aircraft missiles at the site blind and useless.

This far-flung air battle will be directed by Air Force E-3 AWACS and Navy E-2 Hawkeye planes, the controllers aboard them squinting at radar screens tracking friendly and enemy planes in all directions. They will also be receiving up-to-the-minute data on Iraqi positions on the ground from the Navy's ES-3A Shadow jet, hovering just south of the Iraqi border, which will electronically vacuum up radio transmissions from Saddam's forces. The Shadow squadron's motto: In God We Trust—All Others We Monitor.

Once the Iraqi surface-to-air missiles are out of commission, F-15 Eagles and F-14 Tomcats will move in at high altitude to guard against any threat from hostile planes. Below them the attack planes, F/A-18 Hornets, F-16 Fighting Falcons and British Tornados will swarm in to bomb the buildings and bunkers that have been linked to the production of biological and chemical weapons and missiles, and to units of Saddam's elite Republican Guard. B-52s, which can carry 20 times the bomb load of a carrier-based Hornet, will unload on Republican Guard bases.

In the span of a week U.S. and British forces will be able to carry out about 1,000 air attacks—only a small percentage of the number launched during Desert Storm, and affecting a fraction of the potential targets available. But the U.S. is sure that its weapons and intelligence are much better this time. Pentagon sources tell TIME that U.S. warplanes patrolling the southern no-fly zone over the past three months have been practicing bombing runs on targets that top brass figured they might someday have to attack.

If everything is so high tech and ready to fly, why hasn't Clinton given the order? In part because military force can do some things and not others. "If we are giv-



HOME GUARD Iraqi volunteers turn out for military training



HOME SWEET HOME Saddam's Tashrya Palace in Baghdad

haps from giant B-52 bombers lumbering in from their Indian Ocean base on Diego Garcia. The cruise missiles will come crashing through the windows and walls of Iraq's main military command-and-communications centers. Over the crump and flame of those explosions will sound the roar of low-flying F-117 stealth attack planes as they swoop undetected over air-defense centers—the computer-filled offices that direct missile fire against airborne attackers—drilling their targets with 2,000-lb. laser-guided bombs.

The sky will not be safe for unsteady planes until Iraq's anti-aircraft-missile

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Graph of hypothetical \$10,000 investment



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The graph illustrates a hypothetical \$10,000 investment from March 30, 1981 (the Fund's inception date) through December 31, 1997, with dividends and capital gains reinvested in net asset value. It does not reflect the effect of any sales charges. On July 31, 1997 the Fund introduced multiple classes of shares featuring various sales charge structures and ongoing fees. Most existing shares in the Fund were designated Class B shares, which are subject to a contingent deferred sales charge (CDSC) that starts at 5.00% and declines to zero after six years and applies only upon the sale of Fund shares. Investment return and principal will fluctuate so that your shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original purchase price. Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Inflation is a measure of the change in the cost of living as monitored by the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Morningstar proprietary ratings reflect historical NSI-adjusted performance through December 31, 1997. Overall ratings are calculated from the Fund's 3-, 5- and 10-year average annual total returns (when applicable) in excess of 90-day Treasury bill returns (with appropriate fee adjustments) and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. These ratings are subject to change each month. 22.5% of the funds in an investment category receive 4 stars. Dean Witter Dividend Growth Securities Class B received 4 stars for 10 years (of 676 domestic equity funds), 5 years (of 1,292 funds) and 3 years (of 2,332 funds).

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en the execute order," says a senior officer on the Joint Staff at the Pentagon, "we'll execute well. I just don't think anybody believes these include are going to be particularly satisfying."

Then there are the worrying and very tangible costs the U.S. will have to pay if it bombs Iraq. Because many of the key targets in urban areas and elsewhere will be packed with "human shields," the attacks will kill civilians, including women and children. Saddam will lose no time laying out their bodies for the world's press to photograph. The Arab world is already disapproving, and could explode into anti-American demonstrations once the bloody corpses appear on television.

Washington's relations with its allies and hoped-for collaborators would be damaged. Turkey, France, China and Japan are already put out about not being consulted fully or, it seems to them, taken seriously when they question the need to use force against Iraq. U.N. ambassador Bill Richardson was scheduled to be in Tokyo this week explaining the U.S. position, but Japan's U.N. ambassador, Hisashi

Owada, is still miffed because Richardson neglected to tell him he was planning the trip. Apparently, Richardson's diplomacy doesn't include talking to Iraq's representatives in the U.S. Baghdad's U.N. ambassador, Nizar Hamdoon, says he hasn't met once with Richardson since the latter took over the U.S. mission to the U.N. last February.

U.S. ties with Russia are turning very sour. Cohen, in Moscow last week to try to calm things down, was greeted by an angry Defense Minister Igor Sergeev, who denounced U.S. policy to Cohen's face and in front of a group of reporters. Sergeev told Cohen that America's "rigid and uncompromising" position could lead to instability and unforeseen consequences. Cohen replied that the "so-called compromises" Russia has proposed do nothing to solve the problem of Saddam. Cohen went on to ask about reports, first published by the *Washington Post*, that Russia had offered to sell Iraq machinery that could be used to produce bioweapons and that Russians working as U.N. inspectors had been passing secrets to the Iraqis. (The first Russian

to join a U.N. inspection team was a former KGB station chief.) Moscow denied it all.

Can Operation Desert Thunder be stopped? Perhaps. Saddam might play his cheat-and-retreat game again, promising to open all sites in Iraq to unconditional inspection, and then throw up new roadblocks in a month or two. Or he can refuse to yield and take his punishment, emerging after a week to wave his taunting wand and fire his pistol into the air. He will probably then kick all the inspectors out and demand an end to sanctions on the cynical grounds that Iraqis have suffered enough.

At that point he would also feel free to get back to the business of producing the weapons and missiles he obviously yearns for. Then what? If he does that, Cohen and Albright say, the U.S. would respond with still another air attack. It is hard to tell whether they are serious or bluffing. But if Operation Desert Thunder is so hard to sell and so likely to be costly, its sequel may be doubly so.

—Reported by William Dowd/U.N., Johanna McGoary/Amman and Mark Thompson and Douglas Walter/Washington

ARE THE SMART BOMBS REALLY SMARTER NOW?

EVEN THE AIR FORCE ACKNOWLEDGES THAT the "smart" bombs that wowed the world during 1991's Persian Gulf War did not quite live up to their publicity. They often could not be used in bad weather or could not be fired from far away, or required pilots to guide them to their targets, exposing crews to hostile fire. However, the grainy but riveting videos of U.S. bombs and missiles whistling down enemy smokestacks heralded a new way of waging war from the skies. New weapons with ever increasing accuracy lead the Pentagon to be confident that few will stray, thus limiting what military euphemists refer to as "collateral damage"—innocent, but dead, civilians.

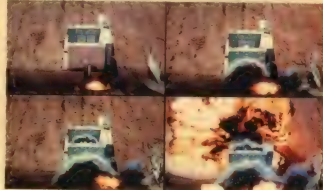
Barely 9% of the bombs dropped during the Gulf War were smart bombs, and the Pentagon never released videos of B-52s carpet-bombing Iraqi troops or of smart bombs that missed. It was in September 1995 that U.S. smart weapons really triumphed. In a three-week campaign that was 70% smart bombs, the U.S. military drove the Bosnian Serbs to the Dayton, Ohio, negotiat-

ing table, ending the three-year Balkan war. The Air Force claims that it hit 97% of its targets and damaged or destroyed 80% of those it struck. It is that success the Pentagon will try to emulate in any strikes against Iraq.

This time, more U.S. weapons have a "fire-and-forget" capability that uses Global Positioning System satellites to guide them to their targets. That lets U.S. pilots head for home as soon as they release their payloads. A more sensitive fuse on some weapons—using an accelerometer that measures the weapon's speed—actually "counts" floors and explodes only after it has reached the pre-selected level.

But such precision highlights a problem: the effectiveness of those weapons is directly proportional to the quality of the intelligence used in selecting their targets. For many sites on the Pentagon's growing list of Iraqi targets, U.S. knowledge is scant. If war does come to Iraq soon, it is a good bet that lots of very expensive U.S. smart bombs are going to be blowing up lots of recently vacated Iraqi buildings.

—By Mark Thompson/Washington



Test firing a GBU-28 through concrete walls in a simulated bunker attack

11:00



11:06



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Too Good To Be True

Larry Coss, the prince of pay, must give back a big chunk of his bonus

By ADAM ZAGORIN

MANY U.S. EXECUTIVES SAVORED FAT bonuses last month after their companies pulled in record sales and profits. But not Lawrence Coss, the chief executive officer of mobile-home lender Green Tree Financial, who in 1996 surprisingly topped the list of highest-paid corporate leaders—overshadowing such titans as the Travelers Group's Sanford Weill and Walt Disney's Michael Eisner. Whoops! To his dismay, Coss may have to repay \$40 million of the \$102 million bonus he received that year because Green Tree now concedes that accounting errors led it to overstate profits. Says the taciturn and reclusive Coss of the financial revision, which included nearly \$400 million of previously unreported losses: "It is certainly disappointing."

And how. But it was also hardly uncommon in an industry that had been white hot until recently. As a so-called sub-prime lender, Green Tree makes high-interest loans to people with damaged credit. With dozens of rivals streaming into the field, however, profits and stock prices have been heading south faster than a recreational vehicle. Just last week the Money Store, for which Hall of Fame pitcher Jim Palmer delivers commercials, reportedly put itself up for sale after recording a dizzying slump in profits. Two other big lenders—Aames Financial and Cityscape Financial—are seeking buyers as well. "You've got too much competition chasing too few profitable loans," says Jeffrey Evanston, who follows the industry for the investment firm Piper Jaffray in Minneapolis, Minn.

Few shareholders have suffered more than those of Green Tree, which was founded in 1975 in St. Paul, Minn., and has long been an industry leader. Hapless Green Tree investors have seen their stock sink from \$50 a share last October to just \$19 before it rebounded a bit to close at \$24 last week. Coss, 59, a former used-car salesman who sports jeans and cowboy



GO FIGURE Coss's highflying compensation was based on his company's reported profits. But the decline of its stock price worsened on news that earnings had been overstated

boots off the job, has seen the value of his own shares fall from \$330 million to \$145 million. Such misery has plenty of company: more than 20 Green Tree competitors have lost anywhere from one-quarter to two-thirds of their market value in the past year. "A lot of companies got into very serious trouble very quickly," says James Allen, executive editor of *Specialty Lender*, an industry newsletter.

Yet with an estimated 30 million to 40 million potential customers who have few other places to turn for cash, sub-prime lenders have been Wall Street darlings.

Green Tree holds 30% of the lucrative market for financing mobile homes



FIXED ASSETS Communities like this furnish customers to sub-prime lenders

Borrowers whose chief alternatives ranged from pawnshops to loan sharks gladly jumped at the chance to pay nosebleed rates of 10% or more for a home-equity loan (vs. roughly 7% at a bank), if that was what it took to get money. Depending on points, fees, insurance and other charges, the effective interest on some sub-prime loans, particularly for autos, can top 30%.

Small wonder, then, that the industry zoomed from about 10 companies in 1994 to some 50 participants last year. Giants such as GE Capital, Norwest Financial and Ford's Associates First Capital came barreling in alongside lesser-known newcomers. But the overcrowded field swiftly became unforgiving. For example, the market value of Mercury Finance, a sub-prime auto lender in Lake Forest, Ill., collapsed from \$2.2 billion to \$130 million last year after the company disclosed that it had overstated profits.

Such lenders were unable to navigate the economy's rapid crosscurrents. Even as defaults eroded profits, the booming economy has allowed some sub-prime borrowers to pay off their loans ahead of schedule. That has reduced income and ruined profit projections in many parts of the industry. Notes Daniel Phillips, chairman of First-Plus Financial, a Dallas sub-prime lender: "No matter how conservative a lender's assumptions are, no crystal ball allows him to see what may happen."

Just ask Green Tree, where many shareholders remain bitter about the profit revision, which included a \$190 million write-down for the fourth quarter of 1997. Angry investors have filed at least a dozen lawsuits, some charging that Green Tree used improperly "aggressive" accounting methods to tot up profits and thereby boost Coss's personal pay—a charge the company denies. Coss did enjoy a formula that ac-

Daniel Kadlec

Wall Street Goes to War

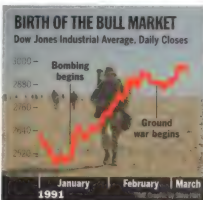
Why the markets won't cheer as hard for Saddam II

LIKE PRESIDENTIAL APPROVAL RATINGS, STOCK PRICES TEND TO INFLATE when the U.S. engages in armed conflict. Look no further than the tireless bull market that we enjoy today. It began in 1991 when the U.S. drove Saddam Hussein and his Iraqi army out of Kuwait. The first allied air raids came on Jan. 17 of that year and sent the Dow Jones industrial average soaring 4.6% in a day. By mid-March the Dow had jumped 20%.

Yes, sir! The generals on Wall Street do love a war. There's nothing like the smell of smart bombs in the morning—as long as they're ours—to arouse feelings of invincibility. And what better frame of mind for dialing one's broker and cheerfully picking up another 100 shares of Boeing or Lockheed Martin? With Saddam the Sequel possibly only days away, I guess it's no shocker that the market has hit new highs for the first time in six months.

Be warned, though, that a Saddam II, if it does happen, would be nothing like the original—at least not in the stock market. When the Gulf War began, the U.S.

was in the throes of a banking crisis and slipping into recession. Saddam was bent on hanging on to his oil-rich conquest. Stocks were down, and oil prices had briefly doubled to \$40 per bbl. There was a lot to fight for. This time around, stocks are high and oil is low. The economy is on a historic roll. And Saddam isn't strong enough to upset any of that greatly; he is merely being defiant. Where is the market's upside?



Once a U.S.-led attack starts—if the situation should get that far—Wall Street is counting on a swift allied victory that would destroy Saddam's "germ factories" and perhaps even take out the tyrant himself. The generals on Wall Street are so certain of the outcome that in their minds they've already won the war and held the ticker-tape parade. And that's just the point. "There is a lot of room for disappointment," notes Tom McManus, a market strategist in Katonah, N.Y. "People have forgotten how easily things can go wrong." What if we don't quickly knock out Saddam's weapons of mass destruction? Other than a few diehard militarists, no one possesses the will to keep at it indefinitely.

Any measure of failure could upset the markets. For example, today's benign inflation and low interest rates are partly the result of cheap oil prices. And Wall Street expects that a defeated Iraq would be allowed to flood the world with oil to raise money to rebuild, which is one reason the price of crude has slumped since October from \$23 to \$16 per bbl. But would Iraq be treated with such kindness if an allied mission were unsuccessful? Doubtful. Such an outcome could reverse psychology in the oil market and send prices higher, stoking inflation and squeezing stocks and bonds.

Yes, success in the Persian Gulf would vindicate all those market patriots bidding up share prices. But because it is so widely expected, success would merely maintain the status quo—not inspire a whole new bull market. And for those who worry about a bungle, stocks of defense contractors, oil producers and oil services companies would be good hedges. Remember, those generals on Wall Street wear suits, not battle fatigues. They don't really know a thing about war. ■

Daniel Kadlec is TIME's Wall Street columnist. Reach him at kadlec@time.com

corded him a salary of \$400,000 plus 2.5% of the company's pretax profits. Half the compensation was in cash, the other half in the form of Green Tree stock that Coss was allowed to purchase for \$3 share at a time when it was selling for more than 15 times as much on Wall Street.

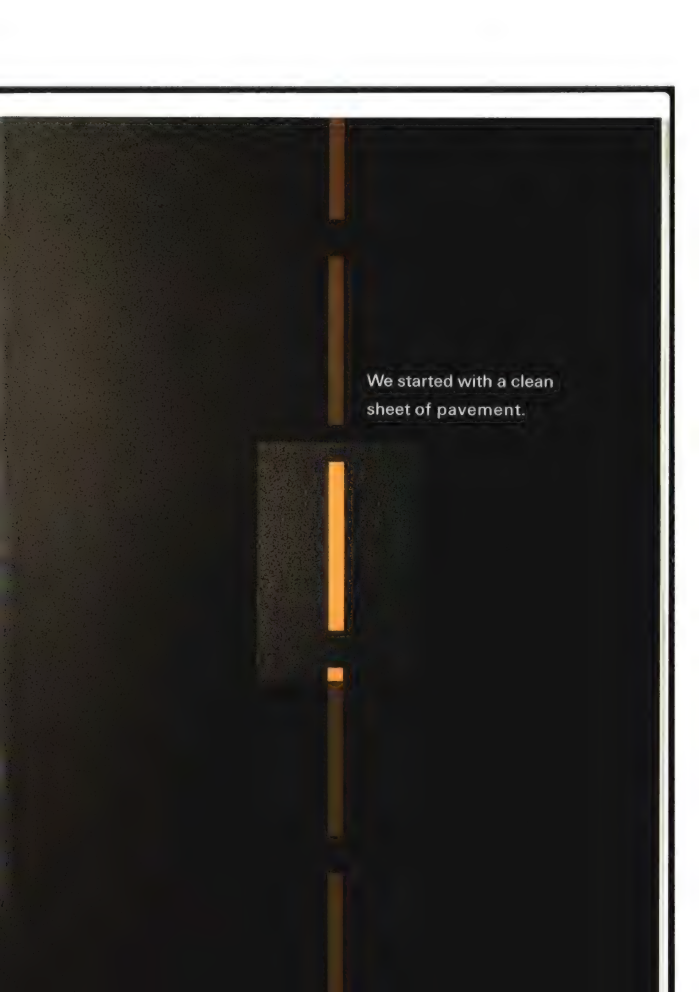
Yet Green Tree seems likely to ride out its troubles. The company employs 5,700 people at 200 locations across the country and holds a whopping 30% of the lucrative market for financing mobile homes, making it the sector's largest lender. In addition, more than 90% of its \$28 billion loan portfolio is secured by mobile homes, houses and other customer assets. Such backing is rare in the subprime industry and enables Green Tree to recover a relatively high proportion of losses when customers default on their payments. And despite problems such as the downgrading of much of Green Tree's debt by rating agencies, the company just declared its 46th straight quarterly dividend and expects to expand its loan portfolio to \$32 billion this year.

Like other sub-prime lenders, Green Tree makes a business of bundling up loans and selling them as packages of asset-backed securities to pension funds and other big investors. That replenishes Green Tree's capital and lets the lender make fresh loans and thus pump up volume, which grew 39% in 1997.

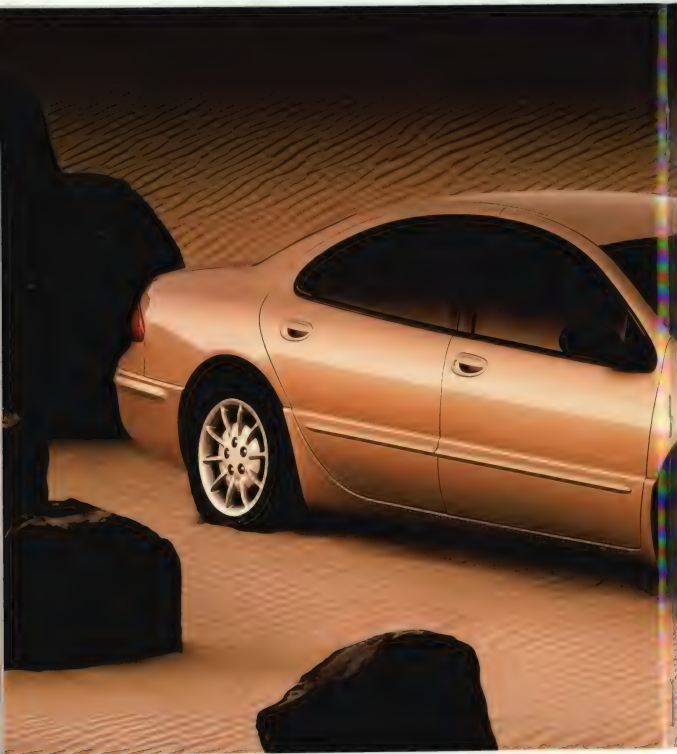
Coss, who knew poverty firsthand as a child, is no stranger to financial setbacks. He quit school following eighth grade and failed as a car dealer before pulling himself out of bankruptcy and scraping together the funds to found Green Tree. Today he remains firmly in charge, particularly after the resignation of Green Tree president Robert Potts, who quit in December amid the furor over the income revisions. Not much given to displays of wealth, Coss maintains a vacation house in Flagstaff, Ariz., and likes to buy up land near his hometown of Miller, S.D.

For his mistakes Coss continues to pay a hefty price in the form of bonus givebacks and the drop in the value of his shares. And he is unlikely ever to regain his crown as America's top-paid executive, because Green Tree has changed its compensation formula to make it less generous. Despite the recent turmoil, though, Coss will take home a pay package worth about \$4 million for his work last year.

As for the rest of the industry, it continues to face a painful shakeout. And fewer lenders could mean that rates for subprime borrowers will be heading higher. Even in prosperous times, this little-known corner of the financial world is likely to remain a risky business. ■



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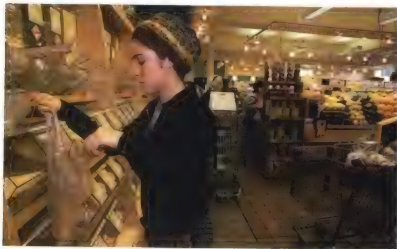
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BULKING UP: A Whole Foods customer in Los Angeles shops for organically grown grains

Thriving on Health Food

Whole Foods has grown into the biggest organic supermarket chain by feeding on weak competition

By S.C. GWYNNE AUSTIN

WHEN A TINY NATURAL-FOODS MARKET called Whole Foods opened in Austin, Texas, in 1980, it served a comparably tiny clientele: an assortment of vegetarians, macrobiotic dieters and those seeming oddballs who took supplements such as ginkgo biloba and echinacea. Like other mom-and-pop organic shops that dotted the country, the store was friendly, cozy, intensely concerned with its products' purity and expensive.

Seventeen years and a quantum market shift later, natural and organic foods own the hottest corner of food retailing, in which soccer moms mingle with pony-tailed herbalists in the aisles of sparkling new stores. Sales of organic products alone, a mere \$175 million in 1980, have blossomed into more than \$4 billion, while sales of "natural" products—a term that's slicker than soy paste—have tripled in the 1990s and now exceed \$12 billion. The retail organic-and-natural-foods business is gorging itself on 20%-plus annual-sales increases, in contrast to a subsistence diet of 2%-to-3% increases at traditional grocery chains.

The chief beneficiary of the boom is Whole Foods Market, whose 900% growth in the 1990s has produced a billion-dollar juggernaut with 78 stores in 17 states. Whole Foods rose to dominance in a

three-year buying spree during which it acquired New England's Bread and Circus, North Carolina's Wellspring Markets and California's Mrs. Gooch's. Last year the company swallowed its biggest rival, the 22-store East Coast chain Fresh Fields, leaving Whole Foods and Wild Oats Markets, based in Boulder, Colo.—one-quarter its size—as the only two national natural-foods chains.

When organic supermarkets started springing up, their investors figured that the aisles would be populated by a nation of granola eaters eager to pay extra for the halo of purity. They were dead wrong. We remain a nation of committed Twinkie eaters even while welcoming organic foods to the table. Consumers aren't willing to pay a hefty premium for organic, nor do they want to give up any of the conveniences of shopping in large stores that stock everything from soup to lug nuts.

Whole Foods has successfully bracketed these requirements. The stores offer chemical- and preservative-free foods, organic produce, hormone-free meats, cruelty-

free cosmetics and ecologically friendly household products. But unlike the old niche stores, these markets are not ascetic: you can buy beer and wine as well as nonorganic produce, foods with refined sugar, and everyday household cleaners like Windex. The new stores, typically 30,000-plus sq. ft., also feature on-site bakeries and kitchens. The latter offer a wide assortment of meals, including vegetarian repasts to go.

Whole Foods has the requisite corporate counterculture too. Employee teams vote on hires and get financial statements, including sales and profit figures for their departments. They evaluate the salaries and performance of their bosses, ratings that are closely watched by top execs. "One of the keys to understanding this company is that the people who started it did not know how they were supposed to do it," says chairman and co-founder John Mackey. "This is the way our culture has developed." Indeed, Whole Foods was recently named by FORTUNE magazine as one of the top 100 places to work.


The friendly culture will soon be put to a severe test as a second wave of competitors emerges. In Boston, where Whole Foods has held sway with its five Bread and Circus stores, Star Markets, a billion-dollar conventional chain, has recently opened four natural and organic Wild Harvest supermarkets. Meanwhile, Wild Oats, while not as large, grew 75% last year and looks to become a formidable rival. In spite of that, Mackey still sees supermarkets as his main competition:

chains like Albertson's and Safeway have vastly increased their natural-foods offerings. Such chains, however, may actually help organic stores, says Barbara Miller, who follows the food industry as an analyst for BT Alex Brown. The supers "have only so much aisle space. They end up introducing people to lots of new products and may very well pull them into a Whole Foods store," she says. Miller expects Whole Foods to grow 25% annually for the next five years.

Mackey is girding for battle. "We're trying to make it as difficult and as costly as possible for competitors to enter markets where we dominate," he says. Judging from what is happening in Boston, however, it seems more than a few companies may be willing to take that risk. ■

Unadulterated Growth





When a mysterious and deadly flu virus struck Hong Kong last year, medical detectives from around the world, fearing a repeat of the 1918 epidemic that killed more than 20 million, sprang into action.

This is the story of

THE FLU HUNTERS



M E D I C I N E

By ERIK LARSON HONG KONG

IT WAS A SUBTLE WARP IN AN OTHERWISE ROUTINE DAY. DR. Wilina Lim, chief virologist with the Hong Kong Department of Health, was sorting through the usual load of blood and tissue specimens sent to her laboratory from nearby hospitals, typically about 80 a day. On this particular day—Tuesday, May 20, 1997—one specimen came from Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Kowloon, at the far side of Victoria Harbor, where a three-year-old boy had been admitted with what turned out to be a fatal respiratory illness. Her lab quickly determined that the infectious agent was some type of Influenza A, one of two broad classes of flu virus that commonly affect humans. To identify the specific strain or subtype, the lab tested the sample, using reagents distributed by the World Health Organization. The test kits triggered no response.

Lim was intrigued but not terribly concerned. While she did not often receive flu viruses that resisted identification, it did happen. She retested the virus and again got no reaction. A month later, she forwarded samples to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta and to England's Mill Hill, two laboratories in the top tier of a quiet but elaborate global surveillance network that tracks changes in the world's flu viruses. Almost as an afterthought, Lim sent a sample to Jan De Jong, a virologist at the Dutch National Institute of Health and the Environment who liked to collect unusual strains of influenza. She had never met De Jong, but over the years they had developed a rapport.

For more than a month, she heard nothing. Then suddenly, on Friday, Aug. 8, De Jong called. He was coming to Hong Kong. He had booked a flight that day. He would arrive Sunday. It seemed, at first, just a friendly visit—a chance, at last, to meet face to face.

Lim picked him up at the Kowloon Ramada on Monday morning. As she drove back to her laboratory, high in Hong Kong's craggy western hills, De Jong turned to her and asked mildly, "Do you have any idea what virus you sent me?"

■ The Hong Kong Incident

By now most of the world has heard of the "bird flu" that emerged in Hong Kong last year, infecting 18 people and killing six. One patient, a young woman, remains on a ventilator under intensive care. Although no new cases have been discovered since Dec. 28, virologists consider the emergence of this new virus one of the most significant and worrisome medical events of the day. And they don't think the danger has passed. In fact, the critical period could just now be arriving in Hong Kong. This is the start of the traditional flu season, when the new virus could, in theory, combine with ordinary human strains to create a supervirus that is both lethal and highly contagious.

While the outbreak highlighted the success of the surveillance network, it also showed how dangerously mutable influenza viruses can be and that, in their most sinister forms, they can be as deadly as any other disease known to man, more akin to Ebola than to the fevers and aches most people associate with flu. Virologists say the decision to kill all the chickens in Hong Kong—widely derided at the time—was in fact the smartest thing

VIRAL GHOSTBUSTERS

What caused the outbreak, scientists discovered, was a virus unlike any known influenza. They had never seen

PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HUNTER/ISTOCK.COM

that could be done and that it might have prevented a more widespread disaster. "The question is," says Robert Webster, chairman of the virology department at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tenn., and a key actor in the quiet drama played out in Hong Kong, "did they close the stable door before or after the horses had gone?"

The CDC grabbed most of the headlines with its usual *Ghostbusters* aplomb, and even dispatched a public relations officer to accompany the agency's team of epidemiologists. But at least three investigations coalesced in Hong Kong. Only by following all three does the true significance of the outbreak become clear. Taken together, these threads weave a story that begins 80 years ago and winds forward through venues as varied as a high-security lab in Ames, Iowa, the ancient tissue collections of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington and a frozen mass grave on Alaska's Seward Peninsula.

The Hong Kong Incident, as Webster calls it, arrived with cinematic timing—an almost supernatural confluence of event and inquiry. It occurred amid heightened sensitivity to the dangers of newly emerging viruses and just as several teams of researchers were closing in on the mysterious 1918 "Spanish flu," which killed more



PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HORN

THE DETECTIVE
Epidemiologist Fukuda Iwao in Hong Kong to lead the CDC's investigation.

than 20 million people. At the same time, it turns out, public-health officials were quietly intensifying plans for the next great global epidemic, or pandemic.

While the rest of the world was wringing its hands over the remote threat from such exotics as Ebola and hantavirus, the health officials were busy staring down a far more likely global disaster and produced a closely held *Pandemic Planning Document*. In the course of their meetings,

the planners are said to have wrestled with such issues as what to do if the President dies and how to deal with masses of dead or severely ill citizens, considerations reminiscent of civil-defense planning for nuclear war. The planners are so certain that another worldwide epidemic will occur that they refer to the present as the "inter-pandemic period."

The full story of the Hong Kong Incident begins in 1918 with the most lethal epidemic in human history, one that eclipsed even the medieval Black Death. "It's why we do what we do every year," says Roland A. Levandowski, the Food and Drug Administration's chief flu expert and a member of the pandemic planning group. "This experience in Hong Kong, even if it doesn't go anywhere, is a reminder that these things can happen."

1918
The pandemic of 1918 remains a mystery. It began with a relatively mild initial assault on March 4, when the first reported case occurred at Camp Funston, Kansas. Within four months, the virus had traveled the globe. The flu sickened millions but killed relatively few, and in the tumult of World War I, the first wave seemed pretty mundane.

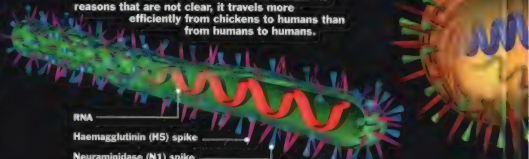
No one knew it at the time, of course, but flu viruses are notoriously unstable—

FORMULA FOR A PANDEMIC?

Although there hasn't been a new case of the avian flu since late December, scientists fear that it could swap genetic material with the common flu and produce a new virus that is both deadly and highly contagious.

AVIAN-FLU VIRUS

The spikes (marked H5 and N1) on this rod-shaped virus help it cut through protective mucus and grab on to the cells that line the nose and throat. For reasons that are not clear, it travels more efficiently from chickens to humans than from humans to humans.



Research: Christine Lee, Elizabeth Coatsworth
Flu: Graphics by Bill Gabel

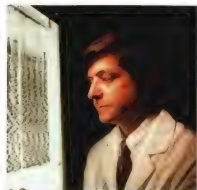


Photo: Peter Dinklage/PhotoDisc

THE PATHOLOGIST

Tausenberger analyzed aging tissue samples to track down the 1918 virus.

In August 1918, the mild virus apparently reassorted into something positively deadly. Outbreaks caused by the new variant exploded almost simultaneously in three far-flung locations: France, Sierra Leone and Boston. The flu struck with a ferocity that shocked doctors, who feared this strange new pathogen might be an airborne version of the Black Death. Patients died awash in blood and gore, literally drowning as fluid filled their lungs.

The virus rocketed to the farthest points of the globe. From September 1918 through March 1919, it killed 33,387 people in New York City, just over 1% of the city's population. In some Alaskan villages, the death toll topped 50%; in one, Teller Mission (now Brevig Mission), 85% were dead within a week.

One of the great mysteries of 1918 centers on who was killed by the virus. Even ordinary flu will cause deaths among the very young, the very old and people with a weakened immune system. The 1918 virus did kill within these groups, but it seemed to have a special passion for the young and hardy, ages 25 to 34, those typically most able to weather the flu.

Rumors flew of strange influenza-like diseases affecting animals, even moose, according to the pandemic's chronicler, Alfred W. Crosby Jr. One rumor turned out to be true—disturbingly so for anyone famil-



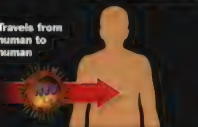
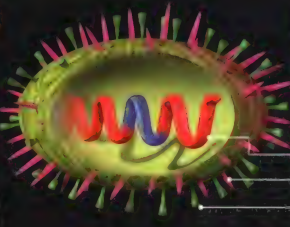
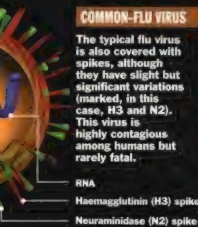
Photo: Peter Dinklage/PhotoDisc

THE MAVERICK

Ricketts' biological background centered on the dynamics of life of flu, but he discovered

iar with the subsequent history of influenza research and the recent Hong Kong outbreak. Farmers in 1918 discovered that something was making their pigs very sick, with high fevers and bad coughs. No such pig flu had ever been noticed before 1918, but every fall thereafter an influenza-like illness attacked the nation's hog population. In 1928 a researcher from the Rockefeller Institute, Richard E. Shope, went to Iowa to investigate the phe-

"genetically labile," as one researcher puts it. Set one flu virus beside another, and the two may trade genes, a process called reassortment. If this reassortment produces a virus that closely resembles one of its parents, it is said to have undergone antigenic drift. On rare occasions, this scrambling can be dramatic. The virus becomes a kind of Frankenstein virus so different from existing strains that the human population has no immunity to it.



nomenon, and in 1930 he became the first scientist to isolate an influenza virus. Copies of it are stored today in laboratories around the world.

The 1918 strain of influenza persisted into the '20s, then disappeared, or lost its virulence and faded into the great jigsaw of constantly reassorting viruses. Until lately, the epidemic had almost disappeared from our collective memory as well, prompting Crosby to title his history *The Forgotten Epidemic*. Among flu experts, however, its mysteries are still current and utterly significant. It has always stood as a vivid warning of what the next pandemic could be like. What made the virus so lethal? Why was it able to kill so quickly? And where in nature did it originate?

Last year flu researchers found themselves asking the same questions once again, but this time because of the strange events in Hong Kong.

■ The New Territories

It was March of 1997 when the chickens began to die—6,800 on three farms in Hong Kong's rural New Territories. Because poultry is a vital part of Hong Kong's diet, agricultural authorities got concerned and quickly consulted Kennedy Shortridge, a microbiologist at the University of Hong Kong. He in turn contacted his friend and fellow flu specialist Robert Webster of St. Jude. For decades both men had studied influenza viruses in chickens and other birds in the belief that these viruses were more than just an agricultural problem and might hold the key to the origins of human influenza, possibly even the virus of 1918.

Shortridge and Webster immediately recognized the gravity of the chicken-flu outbreak in Hong Kong, at least for the region's chicken industry. They knew that while avian influenza did not ordinarily make its host sick, a benign virus could re-assort to produce a pathogen of almost inconceivable lethality. Webster's Memphis lab had observed such a transformation in the wild on two occasions, the first in April 1983, when a relatively mild influenza struck chickens on the vast chicken farms of Pennsylvania. The birds got visibly sick, some died and egg production fell, but overall the outbreak remained only a vexing economic problem.

By October, the virus had changed. Before, it attacked the respiratory and intestinal tracts of chickens; now, suddenly, it assaulted every tissue in the chickens, including the brain. It caused all their blood vessels to leak and killed them within days, turning the birds, as one researcher put it, into "bloody Jell-O." Federal inspectors arriving at Pennsylvania

farms found themselves walking through factory-size chicken coops struck eerily silent, with thousands of dead or hemorrhaging chickens at their feet. The U.S. Department of Agriculture ordered the extermination of 20 million chickens in Pennsylvania, more than 10 times the number that would be killed in the Hong Kong chicken slaughter.

Webster assigned a young scientist, Yoshihiro Kawaoka, to try to figure out how the virus transformed itself into such a "hot" pathogen. Kawaoka, now a professor of virology at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, compared the genetic structure of viruses from the first and

Shortridge, in Hong Kong, asked Webster, in Memphis, if he could help him arrange to ship a sample of the deadly virus for in-depth analysis to the U.S. Department of Agriculture's high-security laboratory in Ames, Iowa. When the package arrived, it was sent to a P3+ containment laboratory—one notch below the P4 level required for studies of Ebola virus—where Dennis Senne inoculated the virus into chicken eggs and chickens to gauge its pathogenicity. It killed 10 out of 10 chickens; each died within one or two days.

Senne then subjected the virus to detailed genetic analysis, a process known as gene sequencing. On the H gene at a point



SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

In December, Hong Kong officials gassed more than a million chickens suspected of harboring the virus; last week the markets were once again filled with fresh poultry.

second waves and found only a single, extremely subtle change in the H gene. The two viruses differed by just one nucleotide—one of 1,700 nucleotides that made up the gene.

Last year, on two of the three farms stricken in Hong Kong, mortality was 100%. The scientists knew the virus had a variation of the H gene known as H5—one that is notoriously lethal to chickens. Shortridge did briefly wonder if the virus might eventually cause problems for humans. In an earlier study, conducted with great discretion, his lab had found that residents of rural Hong Kong had antibodies to all the known bird-flu viruses. What that suggested, says Shortridge, was that "any virus could cross the species barrier to humans. But whether it could set up an infection, be established as an infection and maintained as an infection is, of course, another matter."

called the cleavage site, he found a telltale mutation, the same kind of mutation found in other highly pathogenic avian viruses. Senne shipped his findings and samples of the virus to Webster, who analyzed its viral heritage. The virus, he discovered, had regions that were identical to portions of the avian virus that struck Pennsylvania in 1983.

The outbreak in Hong Kong was quickly contained. All birds on the three farms were destroyed. And that's where Webster and Shortridge left it. "At that point," Webster remembers, "it was merely interesting."

■ The Washington Connection

In March, even as the chickens were dying, a molecular pathologist at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington, Dr. Jeffery Taubenberger, startled the

flu research community with a paper in the prestigious journal *Science* in which his team claimed to have at least partly penetrated the fog surrounding the 1918 pandemic. The coincidence was striking; just as a new virus was emerging in Hong Kong, here was fresh news about the mother of all epidemics.

Taubenberger's work began not out of some great passion to plumb the mysteries of 1918 but rather a desire to showcase two of the Pathology Institute's crown jewels: its vast collection of tissue specimens gathered over the past century, and its new technique for extracting RNA from biological materials fixed in

chains to retrieve them from the upper reaches of a 10-ft.-tall, room-length revolving carousel. A few days later, a collection of small brown lunch bags turned up at Taubenberger's office, each marked with a case number, each containing flecks of tissue taken from a young soldier killed by the flu nearly a century earlier, by doctors struggling to cope with a lethal epidemic they did not understand. For Taubenberger and Reid, it was a strangely haunting moment.

The hard work was just beginning for Reid. She would spend the next year searching through the samples for a snip of 1918 RNA.

man patients but was the result of laboratory contamination. Everyone knew that her lab was situated close to Shortridge's and that Shortridge worked with avian viruses. Moreover, this was Hong Kong, where poultry stalls with live chickens could be found in the same neighborhoods as five-star hotels. "I think he came to Hong Kong to have a look-see if it was a sloppy laboratory," says Lim. She knew his concern was justified, but still it offended her. She is known for her buoyancy, but at this moment her expression hardened. "I knew it was not a contaminant," she says, "because I know my lab."

And soon De Jong was also convinced. That night he spoke with Albert Osterhaus, chairman of the virology department at Erasmus University in Rotterdam, where virologist Eric Claas had analyzed the suspect virus using a panel of reagents derived from flu strains isolated and maintained by Webster. Claas had first determined that the virus was H5N1, well before the CDC and Mill Hill. At the outset even he did not believe it. An H5 infection in humans was unheard of. He too assumed the H5 was a contaminant.

Meanwhile Osterhaus had called Webster in Memphis to learn more about H5. Only then, in that phone call, did the human-flu research community at last learn of the earlier outbreak of chicken flu on the three Hong Kong farms; and only then did Webster and Shortridge learn of the first human case—even though Shortridge's laboratory and Lim's are housed in adjacent buildings.

Webster already had the virus in his collection, its genetic structure detailed, its heritage mapped. He recalls, with obvious delight, how he told Osterhaus, "Abe, I have the precursor of this virus in my laboratory."

For Webster, it was an exciting moment. "The situation in Hong Kong is what I've been predicting throughout my career," he says. For years, he contends, people have dismissed avian flu "as a problem of chickens—who cares?" He revels in his newfound credibility. "Finally," he says, laughing, "at the end of my career, the chickens have come home to roost."

He concedes, however, that he was startled when Osterhaus told him about the three-year-old boy who had died on May 21, the day after Lim received his specimen. Webster also wondered whether the H5 was merely a contaminant. Osterhaus assured him it was not. After the call, Webster taped a note to the wall over his desk: H5 IN A CHILD!

■ The News Spreads

Like Webster, virologists around the world were galvanized. The CDC, alerted



Formalin and paraffin. Even he, however, wondered if the institute's tissue repository, "the annex," would be able to locate such old specimens. He had never seen the place and pictured it as a forlorn vault like the vast warehouse in the closing scene of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Taubenberger and colleague Ann Reid put in a request to the annex for tissue samples of three dozen soldiers who had died in the 1918 pandemic. They then settled in for what they assumed would be a long wait.

They assumed wrong. The repository, housed in a nondescript building 10 minutes away in Forest Glen, Md., is not the gloomy storehouse they imagined. A few seconds after receiving Taubenberger's request, the annex's robotic retrievers had located the laboratory slides associated with his cases, rising on quiet greased

■ Hong Kong, Aug. 11

As Wilina Lim drove back to her laboratory with Jan De Jong, the Dutch researcher, she considered his question about the nature of the virus she had sent him. Clearly he already knew what it was. She thought a moment, then guessed the virus was probably an H3, common in humans, that had changed sufficiently to evade detection.

"No," De Jong told her. "It was H5."

Lim was startled. "I'm not a vet," she says. "I don't know much about influenza in animals." But she had never heard of H5 infecting humans. For it to do so now was surprising. Even impossible.

And suddenly she understood why De Jong had felt it necessary to come in person to Hong Kong, why he had waited until now to tell her about the virus. He suspected that the H5 had not really come from hu-

by Claas, quickly tested its own copy of Lim's virus and confirmed the finding. In San Francisco, Dr. Keiji Fukuda, chief epidemiologist for the CDC's influenza section, was doing a clinical rotation at Mount Zion Hospital when he received an urgent call from the agency's head of surveillance. "Whenever you get a call like that," he says, "you know it's probably not great news." Shortridge was vacationing in England when his phone went wild. "The first thing that crossed my mind was, 'Is this the start of a new pandemic?'" he recalls.

To anyone who knew influenza, the news instantly raised the specter of 1918. Or worse, as this was a purely avian virus against which most humans would have no defense. The world, moreover, was far more densely populated, and high-speed travel now linked all the major cities. In 1918, when transportation was still painfully slow, the pandemic circled the globe in a matter of months. Traveling by jet, a new killer virus could reach Tokyo in three hours and New York City within a day.

The fact that the new virus did not seem readily transmittable from person to person was a consolation, but flu experts know that influenza viruses are utterly unpredictable. In Hong Kong the big question was this: Would the H5 reassort with a common human strain to produce a new virus that was as lethal as H5 but could be passed along by a human sneeze? Or would this new H5 virus, through repeated exposure, find some other way to adapt to human hosts? "That's an interesting point," says Shortridge, "because it raises questions about the 1918 pandemic. Did a similar sort of thing happen?"

■ Private Roscoe Vaughn

Back in Washington, Taubenberger and Reid had decided to concentrate on the seven cases in which the victim had died most quickly, figuring that these specimens would be most likely to retain the genetic remains of the virus. They found plenty of RNA, but none of it looked like flu—until, after a full year's work, they came to Private Roscoe Vaughn.

Vaughn was a 21-year-old soldier at Camp Jackson, S.C., who reported for sick call on Sept. 19, 1918, at the peak of the pandemic. He complained of chills, fever, headache and a bad cough. He had trouble breathing. A week later, at 6:30 a.m., he died. At 2 p.m., his body was autopsied, and specimens were extracted, preserved and sent to Washington.

Using an array of powerful if arcane gene-hunting tools, Taubenberger and Reid slowly picked their way through the shattered genetic landscape of Private Vaughn's cells. This time they got lucky. They found small pieces of flukike RNA. Their subsequent analysis showed that the virus was an H1N1 influenza unlike any flu virus identified during the past 80 years. The closest known strain was Swine Iowa 30—the pig flu isolated by Richard Shope in 1930 and kept alive at various culture repositories ever since. Their findings suggest that the 1918 virus came to people from pigs, not from birds—although Taubenberger cites studies by Webster

preschool, in particular a corner of his classroom set aside as a kind of nature corner, with live chicks and ducklings. Fukuda knew that the birds had died before the boy got sick, but no one knew what killed them. The team swabbed the classroom floor to try to capture some of the virus, but found none. Although press reports suggested a close tie between the death of the classroom birds and the boy's illness, Fukuda says the source of the boy's infection is by no means certain. "It was unclear then," he says. "It is unclear now."

The CDC's investigation of the boy's illness lasted 2½ weeks. By the time Fukuda left Hong Kong, his team had collected 2,000 blood samples. Antibodies indicating previous exposure to H5N1 were found in only nine samples, including one in one of his boys' classmates and one of his doctors. None of the nine recalled being ill. The fact that so few showed signs of exposure was concrete evidence that the virus was not particularly contagious.

For the moment, there appeared little reason to fear that this first case, however tragic, represented the start of a pandemic. Says Fukuda: "I left thinking, 'You know, this is probably some odd, sporadic thing.'"

He expected no more cases.

■ Alaska's "Lucy"

In another odd coincidence, that same August, as Fukuda investigated the new virus in Hong Kong, the quest to understand the 1918 epidemic suddenly gained momentum, with help from a surprising quarter. Out of the retired San Francisco pathologist, Johan Hultin, who had read Taubenberger's paper in *Science* and saw at last an opportunity for which he had been waiting for nearly a half-century.

In 1951 Hultin took part in an expedition to Alaska to try to extract live virus from long-frozen victims of the 1918 flu in what is now Brevig Mission, Alaska. Now he was ready to try again. He knew from hard experience that no live virus had survived under the permafrost. But Taubenberger's paper convinced him that technology had advanced to the point where even a dead virus could be of immense value. The moment he saw the *Science* paper, he told himself, "There. This is it."

Hultin asked Taubenberger whether he would accept and analyze samples of lung tissue from frozen graves, if he, Hultin, went to Alaska to get them. "When



AN 80-YEAR-OLD CLUE

A bit of lung tissue taken from a soldier who died in 1918 led scientists to the virus that killed 20 million.

and others indicating that human viruses and the pig flu of the 1930s may share a common avian ancestor. This suggests that sometime before 1918, a bird virus could have entered the mammalian population and, through reassortment, produced the pathogenic flu virus known to man.

■ Hong Kong, Aug. 20

The CDC's Fukuda arrived in Hong Kong on Wednesday, Aug. 20. The next day he and a team of CDC investigators joined an intensive investigation already being conducted by the Hong Kong Department of Health. Working with health-department officers, Fukuda and his colleagues conducted scores of interviews and collected hundreds of blood samples, trying to figure out how the first victim, the three-year-old boy, could have contracted a virus that infects only birds.

The CDC took a hard look at the boy's

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are you planning to leave?" Taubenberger asked. He knew firsthand that such ventures take a lot of advance planning. "I can't go this week," Hultin told him. "But I can go next week." Taubenberger got really quiet. "I don't know what was going through his mind," Hultin says, chuckling. "He probably thought I was some kind of a nut."

Two weeks later, Hultin was on his way—one 73-year-old man with a sleeping bag, a carry-on bag and two duffels full of equipment. He traveled solo and avoided publicity so as not to raise too much fuss among Brevig's villagers. By the afternoon of Aug. 20, he and a local crew had begun digging, and they eventually produced a trench 6 ft. wide, 27 ft. long and 7 ft. deep. Hultin came across several bare skeletons before he hit pay dirt: the well-preserved body of a 30-year-old woman so obese that her fat had insulated her organs from the effects of decades of frost and thaw.

He took both lungs, sliced them into thin strips and carefully packed them for shipment. Hultin named the body "Lucy," a nod to the prehistoric Lucy who shed so much light on human origins.

Hultin expected to wait months to hear of any results, but Taubenberger called within a few weeks. He had found fragments of the 1918 virus in Hultin's Lucy. Taubenberger and Reid had meanwhile recovered yet another sample of 1918 virus from tissues in the Armed Forces annex. Taken together, the three samples put to rest any doubt that Taubenberger's lab had indeed found and sequenced key portions of the original Spanish-flu virus.

Hultin says he was struck by the uncanny timing of his journey, which took place just as a strange virus with great pandemic potential was emerging in Hong Kong. "I was very apprehensive," he says. "I was waiting for it to come—and it didn't." But another pandemic, he believes, is inevitable. He has given his wife instructions on what to do to survive it: retreat to their mountain cabin until the onslaught passes. It was a tactic, he knows, that was successfully used in 1918 by a village just 30 miles from Brevig. Its

elders, after learning of the advancing plague, stationed armed guards at the village perimeter with orders to shoot anyone who tried to enter. The village survived unscathed.

■ "The Virus Is Moving"

Hong Kong, in the meantime, had begun to relax. From August into November, nothing happened. No new cases appeared. In postmortems on the first case, researchers congratulated themselves on how well the global flu-surveillance system had worked. Some even suggested that it worked too well, that the avian flu had been discovered only because the surveillance network was looking for such events and that isolated bird-to-human infections had probably happened before and gone undetected.

On Nov. 8, Lim's virology lab got its usual load of new specimens to analyze, including one from a two-year-old boy

admitted the day before to Queen Mary Hospital. Her lab applied the ordinary who reagents for H3 and H1, but just as in May, got no reaction. This time Lim tried an H5 reagent supplied by the CDC. And got a positive reading.

By now, however, the patient had already been discharged, well on his way to full recovery. In fact, he had been only mildly ill and was admitted because of a heart condition that made him vulnerable to even routine infections.

"So now I think, 'This cannot be,'" says Lim. Perhaps it was contamination, after all; maybe this H5 reading had been caused by the presence of the H5 she had grown and tested in May. She asked the hospital to send over anything that remained of the material originally swabbed from the boy. This too tested positive for H5. "Now I'm worried," she says, "because after six months it came out again."

Webster was in Memphis driving home from a Saturday at work when his wife told him he had received a call from the CDC. He called back, waited, called again, and this time got the news: "The virus is moving."

■ Outbreak

On Dec. 1, Queen Elizabeth Hospital sent Lim a specimen from a 54-year-old male who had developed a fever and a cough and soon had to be admitted, apparently suffering from pneumonia. Four days later, Lim's lab succeeded in growing a virus extracted from his specimens. The next day, the patient died. Lim tested the virus with her H5 reagents. Again, a positive.

Lim knew that she had another specimen in her lab, taken from a 13-year-old girl admitted to Prince of Wales Hospital so sick that she had been placed on a respirator. The hospital had identified the underlying virus as Influenza A but wanted Lim to determine the subtype. Lim asked her lab technicians to come in early the next morning, Saturday, Dec. 6, to test specimens from the two patients. Both again reacted to the H5 reagents.

By then the CDC's Fukuda was already in the air, aware only of the initial two cases—not Lim's most recent discoveries. That weekend Lim's



Victims of the great pandemic

FLU PANDEMICS: THEN AND NOW

1918	Year	1998
WHAT HAPPENED		WHAT COULD HAPPEN
1.8 billion	World population	5.9 billion
Troop ships, railroad	Primary mode of transportation	Jets
4 months	Time for virus to circle the globe	4 days
Gauze masks, disinfectants	Preventive measures	Vaccines
Bed rest, aspirin	Treatments	Some antiviral drugs
20+ million	Estimated dead	60 million?

daughter complained of a sore throat. Instantly the dispassionate virologist became a frightened mother. She barred her daughter from all sports and canceled her piano lessons.

As his plane crossed the Pacific, Fukuda consoled himself with the fact that in six months only two cases of H5 flu had occurred. Upon his arrival, a medical officer with the Hong Kong Department of Health greeted him warmly, then gently told him of the latest discoveries. "The good news," the officer said, "is we will have a nice dinner. The bad news: there are two more cases."

This brought the total to four. Two patients had died. One was on a respirator. Fukuda, a member of the pandemic planning committee, suddenly had a glimpse of what it might be like to confront an explosive outbreak. It is one thing to plan rationally, he says. "It's another thing all of a sudden to be struck with a sense that, my God, what will happen if there are a thousand cases like this? What will happen to all of those people? How will hospitals cope? How will any of us cope?"

In short order, more cases began turning up throughout Hong Kong. On Dec. 4, a 24-year-old woman developed a fever, sore throat and cough, and complained of dizziness. Five days later, she was in the intensive-care unit on a respirator with a confirmed case of H5 influenza. On Dec. 7, a five-year-old girl began vomiting and developed other flu symptoms. H5 again. On Dec. 12, another child, a cousin of the five-year-old, came down with a fever and was hospitalized with H5. And a new outbreak of H5 had turned up on a fourth chicken farm in the New Territories.

In Fukuda's war room, Room 58 of the health department's downtown headquarters, a large whiteboard listed all the cases and tracked their medical progress. A big downward arrow meant death. With new urgency, Fukuda and the CDC hunted the sources of infection, collecting 3,000 blood samples and helping question some 2,500 people.

■ The Markets

To Webster and Shortridge, Hong Kong's many outdoor markets held the key to why the confirmed cases of H5 were spread in such haphazard fashion throughout Hong Kong. In some cases, the CDC team and health-department investigators were unable to prove direct contact with poultry, which suggested that some of the victims caught the virus

through contact so casual they simply weren't aware of it. Says Shortridge: "It suggested to me there was a hell of a lot of virus in the environment that we weren't aware of."

Webster and Shortridge quickly arranged an ad hoc task force to begin testing poultry in the city's "wet" markets, so named because retailers use water to clean their stalls and adjacent sidewalks. The group began its probe on Dec. 22 and worked 18 hours a day right through Dec. 28, the day Hong Kong authorities began their territory-wide slaughter. The research showed that 10% of chickens in the markets carried the virus. Ducks and geese in the

strike the young and hardy with the most ferocity—just as the 1918 virus had? And, most important, has the virus really ceased to be a threat, or is it circulating more quietly, primed for a "reassortment event" that will set off the next global disaster?

So far, the new virus has shown no evidence of reassortment. The fact that the outbreak happened in December, before Hong Kong's regular flu season, reduced opportunities for reassortment, as did the prompt slaughter of the chickens. But the flu season is coming. It will peak in late February and early March, with a second peak this summer. What researchers fear most is that someone infected with a common flu strain will also become infected with H5, and thus become an inadvertent mixing chamber for the production of a wholly new virus.

Webster and Shortridge are convinced that the avian virus is still circulating in the environment. "I don't think we're out of the woods yet," says Shortridge. Fukuda agrees: "You would be a fool to predict what the virus is going to do next. I'm equally prepared for this thing to disappear as I am to hear one day when I walk into the office, 'Oh, did you hear? There's another 10 cases—or 100 cases.'"

It would be easy to dismiss the Hong Kong Incident as just a one-time quirk of blood and protein. But the U.S.'s leading flu experts seem unwilling to do so. This became particularly apparent at the annual meeting of the FDA Vaccine Advisory Panel, convened two weeks ago in Bethesda, Md., to decide what flu strains should be targeted for next year's flu vaccine. Ordinarily these meetings are routine, if not downright boring. But this year the committee devoted half the day to the Hong Kong outbreak.

For Webster, it was a striking moment—the first time he had ever been invited to the meeting, a point he made clear in the opening moments of his talk. Equally striking, no one on the panel tried to minimize the potential danger of the new avian virus. Far from it. In a vote the FDA had not even requested, the committee unanimously agreed to move ahead to develop a vaccine against H5, even take it through clinical trials.

Shortly before the vote, Webster was asked his opinion. He believes the Hong Kong Incident may have given the world early warning of more H5 outbreaks to come. "We have a window of opportunity," he told the assembled scientists. "Let's do it now." ■



TO CULTIVATE A KILLER

Researchers in Kennedy Shortridge's lab grow the H5 virus in eggs to produce samples large enough to study

markets carried it too—especially worrisome, given their ability to carry infections without outward sign of illness. In the markets, all poultry—ducks, geese, chickens—was killed. The slaughter, according to Shortridge and Webster, removed a substantial reservoir of H5 virus from contact with people.

Then suddenly, almost as soon as it started, the second outbreak seemed to be over. The last case occurred on Dec. 28, the day the slaughter began. By late January, Fukuda's whiteboard in Room 58 showed 18 confirmed cases, with six downward arrows.

■ Epilogue

A killer had come and gone, raising new mysteries even as old mysteries from 1918 were being solved. What allowed this avian virus to cross the species barrier and set up killing infections in man? Why did it



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NAGANO  1998

HEAR THEM ROAR

Soggy and snowed under, the Olympics still produce tales of redemption, heartbreak and, of course, stirring triumphs

By PICO IYER NAGANO

SUDDENLY, AFTER DAYS OF SWAMPING snow, the morning of Japan's Fourth of July—its national holiday, commemorating the nation's founding 2,658 years ago—dawned birthday blue. Tae Satoya, a 21-year-old from Sapporo who had never won a major competition and had finished only 11th in the first of her two runs, bumped and jangled over the women's moguls course. Then she just stood there and, with an air of excited surprise, watched champion after champion fail to beat her score. Just seven months before, soon after the world championship, her father had died, and now, as her American rival Liz McIntyre said, "she wanted to have redemption." The first female Winter gold medalist in 2,658 years of Japanese history dissolved into tears.

That same day—such is the cunning magic that sometimes hides out in the Olympics—America had its turn. Picabo Street, the supercharged performance artist from the Idaho hamlet of Triumph, streaked through the super-G course in 1:18:02. A few months ago, Street too was a spectator, having torn a ligament in her knee;





GUTS AND GLORY

Street, left, unleashed the tiger within her on the super-G; freestyle skier Jonny Moseley, above, moved moguls to end the U.S. medal shutout; Russia's Dmitriev, far right, guided Kazakova to the top of the podium in a soulful performance.





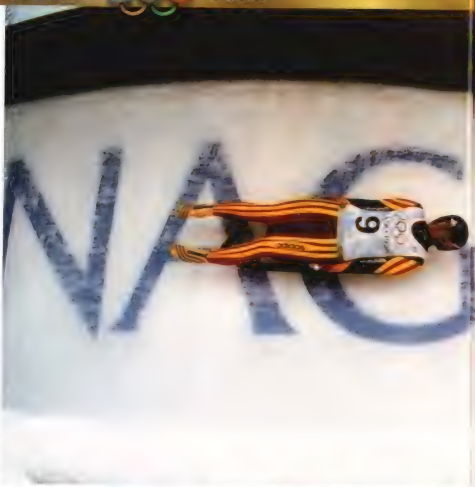
in only her fourth race back. 11 days before, she had knocked herself out while whizzing through a course at 75 m.p.h. Now, like Satoya, she stood at the bottom of the course and, unlike Satoya, delivered an irrepressible commentary as one, two, three and the rest of the 43 skiers came down, some with a whisper of her. Only the woman in the shocking orange tiger helmet, with the diamond stud glinting in her right ear, would say, "I knew it was only a matter of time before the spirits would come through." She won the race by one-hundredth of a second.

Meanwhile, Björn Dæhlie of Norway was (less surprisingly) becoming the first man in Winter Games history to collect his sixth gold as he struggled through a heavy drizzle to win the men's 10-km classical cross-country event. Yet what really crowned his victory was his own long *vigil*: he waited and waited at the finish line until the last competitor of all—from Kenya, finishing 92nd, 20 minutes behind him—staggered across it.

It was apt, perhaps, that all the champions waited, because everyone was tapping fingers a little in the early days of the Nagano Games, and an occasional hint of loss, frustration and anxiety flavored the opening moments. The glamorous, made-for-TV showcase of the men's downhill was postponed and postponed and postponed again, as snow gave way to sleet gave way to rain. Delay after delay left the athletes fractious, and fans who had traveled from distant islands to watch the Games found themselves standing in strong winter monsoons. The Olympic Village waited and waited to see Paul Kariya, the Canadian hockey star of Japanese descent, arrive, and finally he had to cancel too, because of a concussion.

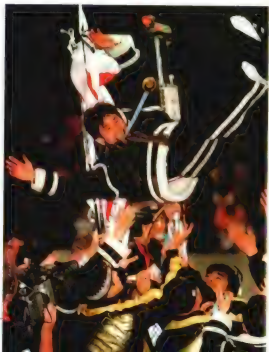
Most embarrassing of all, the unlikely May-December alliance between the separatist snowboarders and the International Olympic Committee hardly survived even its honeymoon, as the aged judges said they would revoke the first snow-surfing gold medal ever—when traces of marijuana were found in Canada's Ross Rebagliati, winner of the men's giant slalom—and then were overruled, marking a triumph for rebellion. One foot was speeding forward, it seemed; the other was staying in place.

Yet as the week went on, the victories in the face of difficulty began to pile up, sometimes from surprising faces, sometimes from the old familiar ones we had almost forgotten amid talk of an Olympic youth movement. Often, in fact, looking up at the podium, one



INTO THE FAST LANE

Germany's Silke Kraushaar, top, wins the luge by two-thousandths of a second; Japanese speed skater Hiroyasu Shimizu gets support from his countrymen





could imagine oneself in some Eastern version of Sleepy Hollow. There was Artur Dmitriev, lifting his new partner Oksana Kazakova to a gold, with a long program of soulful if hardly flawless majesty, and collecting the medal he had won six years before. There was Georg Hackl, the businesslike German soldier, shooting away with the gold in the men's luge, as he had done in Lillehammer and in Albertville. And there was slalom ace Alberto Tomba, saying he wanted to find a girl to settle down with. As the newcomer Kazakova said, after surviving a singled double Axel, "We have a little problem"—and then her face brightened—"but I think no problem."

Every Olympics, of course, finds many of its highlights in the corners, where no one thinks to look for them. The upper-case Games were about Wayne Gretzky's checking into the Olympic Village like an Everyman; the lower-case ones were about lesser-known athletes' rubbing shoulders with the Great One. The marquee performer in the men's downhill, when finally it was completed, Hermann Maier, stormed out of the starting gate and, at the first major jump, turned into a cartwheeling, somersaulting blur of red and orange as he crashed through two retaining fences and ended up in a snow-drift without his skis (but miraculously walked away like the tough bricklayer he was). In the same race, Jean Luc Crétier, a customs officer who had never won a major downhill, skied to gold.

Everywhere, it seemed, the regular guys took over. Roughly 750 soldiers in camouflage fatigues worked through the night to clear what looked like feet of fresh snow from the slopes. Cashiers consulted dictionaries between customers, and even the local organized-crime syndicates agreed to observe an Olympic truce. At the luge spiral, fans sat on banks of snow in earflaps, letting out cries of delight and astonishment as contestants whooshed past in 80-m.p.h. gusts of air. As cheering fellow lugers raised Hackl, lifting the perennial champion to their shoulders, a competing smile played out on the face of the Venezuelan team of one, known around the dinner table as Iginia Boccalandro.

Boccalandro, a 37-year-old former Roller who'd always wanted to compete in the Olympics, had been watching the Lillehammer Games on TV when she noticed that the women's luge champion was, like herself, not small. "You'd be perfect for it," said her cross-country coach, John Feig. "You're laid back, you love speed, you're not afraid, and you're kind of crazy." With the



CRASH LANDING

Norway's Grunde Njos, in red, goes down in the 500-m speed-skating race, taking out Erben Wennemars of the Netherlands, crying in pain with a dislocated shoulder



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Venezuelan delegation (mostly her twin sister and her mother), she marched through the opening ceremonies in a startling poncho. Declaring, "This is what I was destined to do," she finished 28th in a field of 29.

American male lugers might have thought themselves in an even stranger waking dream when, in an event that has ever seen only German, Austrian, Italian and Russian medalists, they abruptly took a silver—and a bronze. Indeed, second-place Chris Thorpe and Gordy Sheer came within 22/1,000ths of a second of the mighty Germans, who had collected a gold, a silver and a bronze in the previous three Olympics. Zipping down

WIPED OUT

Maier, top, tumbles through the air like a rag doll; Philipp Boit, below right, finishes last, but Daehlie waits to congratulate him

where an "in turn," as it happened, referred to "a rock filled with clockwise rotation," as opposed to, not a special prosecutor, but an "out turn." Nearby was a whole museum of curling—well, a couple of display cases, containing a signed brush, a 19th century crampit, a polishing machine and all 10 issues of the now defunct Japanese magazine *Happy Curling*.

Such scenes are worth cherishing when one hears too much about doping scandals and billion-dollar bullet trains, and when the eye makes out giant Coke bottles in the middle of white Alpine silence. Indeed, one by-product of last week's reminder that nature doesn't

bend to bullet-train schedules was that suddenly curling, unsmudged by the snow, appeared on Channel 36 in Nagano, and then on Channel 45 and Channel 47, the camera trained on competitors who looked like your Uncle Bob and the sound track made up of nothing but their curses, asides and excited cries of "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" (a technical term, one was told, meaning they should move fast). Another unlikely savior in the spotlight.

Before the Games, someone had asked future bronzers Brian Martin and Mark Grimmette if they knew they would be competing on Friday the 13th. Martin smiled. "It's a lucky day."

A similar gust of New World optimism came from Jonny Moseley as he spun 360° in the air with his trademark Heli-Mute Grab Jump, flew through the rest of the men's moguls course and then erupted into a gold medalist's gush ("I can't believe it. Ohmygod. This is unbelievable"). He was another competitor, one gathered, who would subscribe to the Street-wise logic: "One of the things about Japan is that it is very far removed from everyone's comfort zone. It's neutral territory for everyone."

Neutral, perhaps, but by no means dispassionate, as one saw, even in distant Karuzawa,

a chic summer resort that found itself the host for curling competitions. Not far from the Pension England House Windsor, the town held its very own opening ceremonies, with its own parade of athletes, its own concert of bagpipers and Japanese drums. As the competition got under way, the Kazakoshi Park Arena—not unlike a high school gym—was filled with Japanese primary schoolchildren, old ladies blowing Piccolo Mini Cheer Horns and a crowd of Canadians crying, "Come on, button boy. Stop, baby, stop." Here was one place



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

the likable veteran give Japan a formal birthday present.

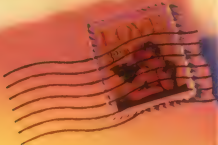
This time, as so famously before, Harada fell at the last hurdle, tumbling on the last of the day's 92 jumps from first place to fifth. But his teammate, Kazuyoshi Funaki, scored a silver. And at almost exactly the same moment, on another mountain, a 21-year-old freestyler from Hokkaido was bouncing toward the podium with a picture of her father by her heart. —With reporting by Hannah Beech and Frank Gibney Jr./Nakuba and Lawrence Mond/Nagano

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LOOK WHO'S STANDING

**Stamina—and grace—leads
rosy-cheeked Ilia Kulik of
Russia to a gold medal**

By **GINIA BELLAFANTE**



IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT LAST WEEK'S men's figure-skating competition as a feature film in preproduction, with the team of Olympic judges as the venture's casting directors. For the role of leading man, the producers have asked for someone the world can call a champion. But whom to choose? Do they opt for a sinewy 20-year-old talent, all Baryshnikov grace and DiCaprio innocence? Or do they go with a stockily built he-man, a comparative veteran of 25, whose brash moves and manner suggest a cross between Michael Flatley and Steven Seagal?

With the world's current crop of elite male skaters all master technicians and wizardly athletes, the competition at the Nagano Olympics first appeared as though it would amount to a contest of aesthetics: the classical artistry of Russia's ballet-trained Ilia Kulik, a first-time Olympian, pitted against the don't-fence-me-in aggressiveness of Canadian Elvis Stojko, a black belt in karate and three-time world champion. Both men performed well and cleanly during Thursday's short program (the 2-min., 40-sec. execution of eight required elements), but Kulik led the event, suggesting a judicial preference for his traditional brand of physical elegance.

But style mattered little in the end as the contest came down to a rather old-fashioned battle of stamina. Although the world didn't know it, Stojko—as his coach revealed after the competition was over—had been suffering from a groin injury for the past month. The strain on his body became all too evident during the crucial 4.5-min. free skate on Saturday. (The free skate counts for two-thirds of a competitor's final score.) Kulik won the gold with an effortless show, and Stojko was forced to settle for silver, as he did in Lillehammer. Except this time the Canadian hobbled to the medals podium in pain, hugged his rival and went straight to the hospital for treatment.

The tussle for bronze turned out to be an unexpected test of strength as well. In fifth place following the short program, Frenchman Philippe Candeloro, 25, an international heartthrob of the Lorenzo Lamas school, won his second consecutive bronze in the



TOP FLIGHT

In recent months
**Kulik, here in his
triumphant long
program, has been
overpowering**

Olympic games, keeping Todd Eldredge, 26, the five-time U.S. national champion, from medaling.

With its ever increasing penchant for mawkish soap opera and garish costuming (and no one is a bigger culprit here than Kulik), figure skating has become camp spectacle. Perhaps as a corrective, the judges of the men's competition sent the message that skating is indeed still an earnest sport where fierce athleticism matters. In other words, yes, the much discussed quadruple jump counts. Of the top medal contenders, only two skaters, Kulik and Alexei Yagudin, also a Russian, attempted one, and only Kulik landed his: a perfectly executed quadruple toe loop.

It was not that move alone, however, that secured Kulik highest honors. His entire routine, skated to



Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, was playful and precise. He landed every one of his eight triple jumps flawlessly. And when the competition was finished, the generally impassive skater even managed to show a trace of humor. "The shirt won," he joked to reporters, referring to his less-than-becoming giraffe-print top. "It's lucky. I don't think I'll be getting any more questions about the shirt."

In the course of his six-year competitive career, Kulik, who moved to Marlborough, Mass., from Moscow in 1996, has not always performed so brilliantly. In recent months, though, he has moved up the rankings, largely thanks to his work with Russian ice-dancing coach Tatiana Tarasova, who two years ago came out of retirement to oversee Kulik's career. Last summer she put him on a regimen of cycling, running and weight lifting to bolster his conditioning. In December, Kulik, who has never won a world championship, defeated Stojko and Eldredge in Munich at the Champions Series final.

Stojko's long program last week seemed more labored than usual. Skating to the sound track from the movie *The Ghost and the Darkness*, he seemed sapped and uninspired. The sport's most explosive jumper, he failed to awe the audience as he so often does. Although a master of the four-revolution jump (he was the first skater to land a quad-triple combination in competition), he couldn't muster the fortitude to show one off in Nagano. Moreover, he was sloppy in landing a triple loop, normally an easy move for him. Stojko had hoped to break the "Canada curse" and win for his country its first gold medal in men's figure skating.

Eldredge too had high hopes of overcoming what seemed like a curse. After falling out of a simple double Axel and finishing 10th at the 1992 Olympics in Albertville, he failed even to qualify for a spot at Lillehammer, owing to a bout with the flu. Nagano looked promising. Eldredge ranked third after the short program, but bad luck returned to escort him through the long one. He turned two triple-triple jump combinations into triple-doubles, singled one triple Axel and fell while trying



AP/WIDE WORLD



AP/WIDE WORLD

ANGUISH AND SURPRISE

Eldredge after his fall on a triple Axel, top; Stojko, who took silver, shows the pain of his groin injury; Candeloro pumps up the crowd in reclaiming the bronze medal

to insert another at the end. Watching the performance, his training partner and friend, gold-medal contender Tara Lipinski, nervously gripped the arm of U.S. pairs skater Jenni Meno. When Eldredge fell, Lipinski covered her eyes in sadness. "Nothing went all that great," he said later. "I'm disappointed. It took me six years to get here. Maybe I wanted the medal too badly."

Eldredge's ill fortune made all the difference for Candeloro, who skated after him in Saturday's lineup to the theme from *The Three Musketeers*. Skating's flashiest showman, Candeloro, who was laid up with an ankle injury last year, played the swashbuckler with abandon, complete with pretense sword fights. The crowd at the White Ring roared in appreciation. His jumps were high and upright, as they generally are, but his execution was messy.

Prior to Nagano, Eldredge had indicated that he would turn pro after the 1998 world championships. But his disappointing showing last week may compel him to give the Olympics another go in four years. None of the other top finishers have revealed their plans for the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City. But there will be new faces to watch, particularly America's Michael Weiss, who attempted a quadruple Lutz at Nagano. He failed, but he is still the only person ever to try that jump in competition, and by week's end he had climbed from 11th to 7th place. Yagudín, whose coach said he was running a high fever, placed fifth at Nagano; only 17, he is already a force to contend with. China's Guo Zhengxin, eighth, also seems a potential star. Guo shot for two quadruples in the finals last week and landed one of them impressively.

The quad could be more important than ever in Salt Lake. The International Skating Union's technical committee has proposed that the rules be changed to allow the quad as an option for the solo jump in the short program. The vote will take place in June. That means that male skaters who want to win competitions and duke it out at the top levels will not be able to avoid the quad. A bad shirt, maybe; but powerhouse acrobatics, no.

—Reported by Alice Park/Nagano



DAZED AND CONFUSED

A whiff of pot smoke and controversy gives evidence of the culture clash between snowboarders and the Games

By JEFF GALBRAITH YAMANOUCHI



IF YOU WANT VIVALDI OR WAGNER or Lloyd Webber, go figure skating. Snowboarding's sound tracks are different. Last week at the Olympic snowboard park, as riders launched into the air like skateboarders in the 120-m halfpipe course, Pearl Jam and Metallica ruled. Several riders chose as their personal song the rap group Cypress Hill's *Hits from the Bong*. That was appropriate. The International Olympic Committee had been hoping to create a buzz and draw in a generation of sports fans used to pierced noses when it added snowboarding as a full-medal sport to the Nagano Games. And buzz it did.

Three days after Canadian Ross Rebagliati took snowboarding's first-ever gold medal in the giant slalom, the I.O.C. asked him to give it back. The 26-year-old from British Columbia had tested positive for marijuana (a urine level of 17.8 nanograms per milliliter, exceeding the 15.0 limit set by snowboarding's Olympic governing body, the International Ski Federation), and after a 3-to-2 vote, the I.O.C.'s executive board recommended he be stripped of his prize. Rebagliati admitted to having smoked in the past, but he asserted that he had not sparked up since April 1997, claiming to have ingested the offending substance as secondhand smoke at a farewell party thrown by several friends in his home ski resort of Whistler, B.C., on Jan. 31. Though journalists saw this as a Clintonesque and laughable defense, the Canadian Olympic Association filed an appeal on Rebagliati's behalf. And the word among snowboarding's tight brotherhood in Nagano was that no one was going to accept any prizes they didn't earn if the giant-slalom medals were redistributed.

Then came the next twist. A day later, the Court of Arbitration for Sport ruled that because there was no formal agreement between the I.O.C. and the I.S.F. to ban marijuana outright, the I.O.C. could not legally strip Rebagliati of his medal. I.O.C. medical guidelines, which ban everything from cocaine to some cold remedies, qualify marijuana as "restrict-

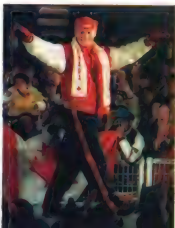
ed" and a substance to be used "cautiously," while I.S.F. rules name pot as a prohibited drug. Said the panel: "We cannot invent prohibitions or sanctions where none appear."

Meanwhile, the Canadian Olympic team came up with medical evidence to back Rebagliati's claims. Carol Anne Letheren, chief of the Canadian Olympic Association, said that a single joint would bring an athlete's level to 400 ng/mL but that just being in a room with eight to 10 smokers an hour a day for six days could result in levels over 100. Ronald Alkana, professor of molecular pharmacology and toxicology at the University of Southern California's School of Pharmacy, said that marijuana's primary active ingredient, THC (tetrahydrocannabinol), can be stored in the body's fat cells for relatively long periods and that "it's reasonable to assume that secondhand smoke could be absorbed." After the final ruling, Rebagliati remained cool, redisplaying the medal he had kept in his pocket during the three-day fracas. He said he would join in some antidrug campaigns but refused to condemn drugs outright. "I am definitely going to change my life-style. But I will not change my friends," he said. "I will stick by them." He added, "I may have to wear a gas mask from now on."

And that's just one point of contention between the worlds of the Olympics and snowboarding. Within some of the sport's core circles, pot has been a common part of the life-style. Along with freedom, travel and the pursuit of that perfect powder day, marijuana is regarded by certain riders as traditional ritual. Scott McKinley, a snowboarder and assistant manager of a Whistler snowboard shop, says of the culture, "I don't want to give the impression that everybody up here is a stoner. I compare it to cracking open a beer at a friend's [house]: it's so common, nobody thinks about it." In fact, many had joked that with snowboarding's induction into the Nagano Olympics, some riders would inevitably get busted for their hemp affections. In any case, most of Rebagliati's fellow Olympic snowboarders have come to his defense. "He still won the gold medal," says women's half-

GOING BIG

Rebagliati before he was temporarily disqualified. He had dedicated the prize to a friend who died in an avalanche on Jan. 2



Galbraith is a senior editor at Snowboarder magazine.



pipe finalist American Cara Beth Burnside. "Everyone's just furious about it. It's not affecting his performance. C'mon, they're kicking people out for cough medicine." "It's too bad," says American pro snowboarder Adam Merriman. "Pot doesn't make your muscles swell up—otherwise he'd have a reason to lose his gold. But marijuana just mellow you out. I don't understand why they busted him." Says Swiss halfpipe rider Anita Schwallier: "It's so ridiculous. It's not the riders who wanted to be in the Olympics; they wanted us." (Snowboarding is still banned in many elite ski resorts, including, during regular season, the course in Nagano.)

Even before the opening ceremonies commenced, many snowboarders feared the Games would alter their subculture. Norwegian Terje Haakonsen, widely recognized as the best snowboarder in the world, opted to sit out Nagano altogether. Haakonsen even described I.O.C. president Juan Antonio Samaranch as an "Al Capone" figure. Samaranch shrugged off the boycott and said, "All I know is this: those who don't enter don't win."

But controversy and failed pot tests aside, many snowboarders did come, and those who earned some hardware were happy to keep it. As gallons of freezing rain pelted spectators, riders and the media, the halfpipe (snowboarding's freestyle discipline) managed to go off without incident, as riders hurled themselves into the air before judges and the entire world. "Sticking" (landing) such "sick" (impressive) maneuvers as caballerials (backward 360° rotations), McTwists (inverted 540° spins) and Haakonsen's patented move, the Haakon flip (a 540° with a flip), snowboarders showed everyone that rebels can be athletes.

THE CARVING BOARD

Giant-slamom riders like Rebagliati, above in his golden run, "shred" hills as they carve their way down; the freestylers go for "sick" runs on the halfpipe, also known as the "hash pipe"

With two preliminary runs and two finals, the halfpipe riders powered through the relentless downpour, pumping up the resilient crowd that lined the course in bleachers and stood thousands deep at the bottom. In the end, Swiss rider Gian Simmen managed to edge out Norwegian Daniel Franck in the day's last run for the gold medal. American Ross Powers hung on for bronze with huge airs and rapid rotations. Germany's Nicola Thost took the first women's halfpipe gold and Norway's Stine Brun Kjeldaa picked up the silver. American Shannon Dunn slipped slightly just before the end of her second run to fall back from the lead, but took bronze.

Although Rebagliati kept his medal, many within snowboarding felt the damage inflicted by the incident would unfairly taint his victory and the sport's history. "Thanks to an idiotic mistake by the I.O.C., snowboarding's debut is going to be remembered as the year those wacky pot smokers invaded the Olympics, not as the year snowboarding athletes showed the world an amazing new sport," said Lee Crane, director of Snowboarding Online (www.solsnowboarding.com), a Website devoted to snowboard news. Still, many in snowboarding saw the notoriety as a chance to exert influence. "Snowboarding has always been about youth confronting adult society. That's why it has dramatically affected sports, fashion and music," says Brad Steward, president of Bonfire Snowboarding, a clothing manufacturer. "Now it's clear that snowboarding has an opportunity to influence larger social issues, and I think that's a positive opportunity for kids to speak their mind." —With reporting by Barry Hillenbrand and Lawrence Mond/Nagano, Mary Jollimore/Toronto and Maggie Sieger/Whistler



A GAME OF THEIR OWN

The U.S. women's hockey team is on a mission, but the players are having fun anyway

By LAWRENCE MONDI NAGANO



YOU DIDN'T NEED A NAME LIKE WAYNE or Eric or Jaromir to be playing hockey in the Olympics last week. You could have been Angela Ruggiero, just 18, still in high school and with no driver's license. Or Lisa Brown-Miller, 31, married back in 1995 but so busy training and touring that she hasn't had time for a honeymoon. Or Katie King, 22, and Karyn Bye, 26, the team's leading goal scorers. Or you could be named Cammi Granato (short for Catherine) Granato and be captain of the first U.S. Olympic women's hockey team ever. At 7:39 of the first period of their first game (against China), Granato, with assists from Jenny Schmidgall and Gretchen Ulton, scored the first ever U.S. women's Olympic goal. "It was nice to get a chance early and bury it," she beamed. "Now I don't have to worry about all those things hockey players worry about: hitting the post, getting snakebit and frustrated and off your game. For a second I let myself feel it. I sat down on the bench and said, 'That's pretty cool. I just scored a goal in the Olympics.' Then it was back to business."

While there are differences between the men's and women's games—slap shots aren't as hard, and full body checking is not allowed among the women—play is just as intense and often very rough. No body checking usually means a fast-moving game grounded in the essential techniques of passing and stick handling. The hockey of the U.S. women's team is a skill sport. Says Mike Eruzione, captain of the "miracle on ice" 1980 U.S. men's Olympic team: "They have great feet and keep the game very basic. They are really a pleasure to watch."



CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

Cammi Granato, below, holds that title for the team; Sarah Tueting, 21, above, defending against China in the opening game



The team's first two matches, though, were a little harried. The morning of the opening game, "the butterflies were going," Granato says. "Finally, we were starting." The U.S. followed up its 5-0 win over China with a 7-1 win over Sweden, and both games were tougher than the scores would indicate. Both China and Sweden tend to play back in their own zone and do a lot of clutching and grabbing, almost like an outclassed prizefighter hoping to go the distance with the champion. As a result, the transitions and fast feet that are so typical of the women's game were missing. The defensive styles made for some ugly hockey. Neither victory was easy. "They're a team I don't want to see again, I can tell you that," U.S. coach Ben Smith said of the Chinese.

The skaters loosened up against Finland, a team that, though lacking the depth of the U.S. or Canada, has enough talent to pull off an upset on any given night. With the U.S. up 2-1 in the second period, the fast Finnish forward Hanna-Riikka Nieminen tied the score with an unassisted shorthanded goal. But defenseman Tara Mounsey responded with a goal less than two minutes later, and the defense held on for a 4-2 win. Game 4 was a blowout—10-0 against Japan—as King (who had four goals last week) pulled a hat trick.

All that set up the perpetual clash: the U.S. vs. Canada, which is not only the No. 1 seed in the tournament, but also has won all four women's world championships dating back to 1990. America has always been runner-up. In their 32-game pre-Olympic tour, the U.S. women faced Canada 13 times and won six. By the time the Olympics are over, the two teams will have played twice in physical matchups with both sides skating aggressively, as in all their games. In the last game of the preliminary round (a supposedly "meaningless" warm-up to the

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gold-medal match), the U.S. rebounded from a 4-1 deficit early in the third period to defeat Canada 7-4. Granato and forward Laurie Baker each scored twice. Emotions ran high throughout, and a total of 20 penalties was assessed. The rivalry will continue beyond this week's final and the awarding of the gold medal. Says U.S. coach Smith: "We see them in our sleep."

The team worked hard at enjoying the Olympic experience as well. In Osaka, where nearly all the 196 U.S. Olympians were "processed" before heading off to Nagano, the 20-woman team went on a free shopping spree. Armed with a checklist and a grocery cart and assisted by former Olympians like five-time gold-medal speed skater Bonnie Blair and two-time weightlifting gold-medalist Tommy Kono, the hockey players wheeled around the ballroom of an Osaka hotel grabbing clothing, including uniforms, jackets, hats and awards-ceremony outfits worth about \$4,000. At the opening ceremonies, they learned from the veteran Olympic bobsledders that the best place to be seen as the U.S. delegation enters the stadium is either at the front or the rear. The women decided they wanted to be at the back. But so did the snowboarders. "It was a friendly battle of the

new sports," says Sandra Whyte, a five-time national team member from Saugus, Mass. At the end, the boarders let them slide.

Touring together for the five months before the Olympics has blended the team into a communal whole. Says Granato: "We're a bunch of sisters now. We're each other's family." But at the Games they also kept in constant touch with older friends and family, often tapping out E-mail at the cyber-Surf Shack set up by IBM in the Olympic Village. On the morning of the day she had dreamed about since she was a young girl, Granato read a poem given to her by her brother Robby. The words brought back memories of their hockey-playing childhood. She has an impeccable pedigree: four hockey-playing brothers, including Tony, a 1988 Olympian who skates for the NHL's San Jose Sharks. The six Granato kids spent just about every minute of their free time on the ice. Mostly they skated on the pond near their home in Downers Grove, Ill. Sometimes it was in the basement, where they used balled-up tissue as a puck. "It was perfect," Granato says of the poem. "He said that our family would be watching, and it gave me this confidence that I'm going to play my heart out. It's easier to play hard because your adrenaline is flowing." ■

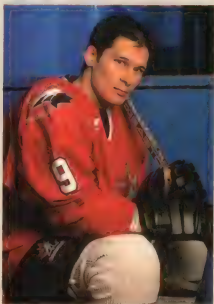
CANADA'S HEADACHE

By JOEL STEIN

ROD BRIND'AMOUR STEPPED OFF THE bullet train in Nagano and took a hard cheek to the ground. But the crush of Japanese fans was actually gunning for Wayne Gretzky, who, after fleeing to the Team Canada bus, said, "I've been in a lot of places, but I've never seen anything like this." It wasn't supposed to go this way for the Great One. The plan was to divert the hockey-deprived country with Paul Tetsuhiko Kariya, who, at least in Japan, is the most famous hockey player ever.

But Kariya, 23, a fourth-generation Canadian of half-Japanese heritage, isn't part of the first 125 NHL players to participate in the Olympics. The man *Hockey News* named the best player in the world was state-side nursing a concussion received on Feb. 1, when he took a stick to the head while celebrating a goal. Kariya was grounded by doctors last Thursday. It was, he told Team Canada general manager Bob Clark, "the worst day of my life." The guy who held the offending stick, Gary Suter, despite an NHL suspension, will be playing for the U.S. That makes Canada mad.

Canada has been harboring a grudge since 1966, when the two teams last met and the U.S. shocked its northern neighbor by winning the World Cup. Canadians began to rethink their national plan (More funding? A youth movement? Abandon NAFTA?), but what really upset them was learning that hardly anyone in the U.S. even knew about the contest. It's one thing to import Canadian NHL teams to southern U.S. cities,



“Actually, I'm 5 ft. 9 and, like, ¾ in. It doesn't matter, now that I've proved myself.”

—PAUL KARIYA

steal SCTV guys for *SNL*, infringe on fishing rights, but to beat them at their own sport? This could get ugly.

Before the North American rivals get to that matchup, there will be four other Dream Teams to get through—Sweden, Russia, the Czech Republic and Finland—none of which will roll over. The "Big Sheet," the offense-friendly, Olympic-size playing surface that is 13½ ft. wider than the NHL's, will help the smaller, speedier European teams, as should the stiff penalties against fighting. The Swedes took advantage of this in their first game, swirling around the Americans and winning 4-2. And because a hot goaltender can control a short series, the Czechs could take gold because of Dominik Hasek, the NHL's 1997 MVP.

But Canada is likely to win its first gold since 1952 even without Kariya. And the NHL might not have got all the hype it hoped from him anyway. Sure, his skating would have been incredible to watch on the Olympic-size rinks, but his comments about not feeling very Japanese might not have played well, and his lack of stage presence might have worked against the flashy image the NHL wants to present. That's partly because he looks less like an athlete than that guy from your computer-science class. He's so small he was told he could never compete with tough guys like Suter. Although listed as 5 ft. 11 in. for his entire NHL career, Kariya admitted recently, "I'm 5 ft. 9 and, like, ¾ in. I guess I can say that. It doesn't matter, now that I've proved myself."

He now has time to grow into all the off-ice attention. Sitting at a Benihana's last month, eating a meal called the Rocky's Junior, Kariya touched his cheek and discussed his shaving habits: "A lot more often this year," he says, "every two or three days now." Maybe 2002, in Salt Lake City, will work better for Kariya after all. Gretzky can handle the Japanese for now. ■

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Fulfilling Expectations

Peter Carey's new novel, *Jack Maggs*, spins an enthralling variation on a Dickens classic



BANISHED FOR LIFE to New South Wales, a convict eventually returns to 19th century London, risking hanging if the law discovers him, all because he wants to see Henry Phipps, the young English gentleman he has "made"

by sending money from abroad. Does that premise sound familiar? It will to those who have read Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations* and remember Pip's turmoil when he learns that his elevation in society has been financed by the fearsome felon Abel Magwitch. The novel being described here, however, is Peter Carey's *Jack Maggs* (Knopf; 306 pages; \$24). What the Dickens is Carey's plot doing in Carey's new fiction?

Nothing very promising, those familiar with postmodernist literary and largely sterile ironies might guess. In this instance, they would be wrong. For one thing, it is not necessary to know a single word of *Great Expectations* to have a fine, suspenseful time reading *Jack Maggs*. Carey takes a cue from Dickens but then adlibs an original and freestanding performance, replete with the sorts of twists and shocks and coincidences that originally gave page turners a good name. And those readers who retain a clear sense of Dickens' novel will encounter a trove of subtle allusions, not just to the 19th century author's life and works but also to the predatory relationship between an inventor of tales and the real-life subjects who find themselves grist for this creative mill.

CODE BREAKER:
What the Dickens?



Jack Maggs' search for Henry Phipps bumps into an immediate obstacle: Phipps is not to be found at the house where Maggs' money installed him. So the convict takes an expedient job as a footman at the house next door, the better to spot Phipps when he returns. Very quickly—Carey mimes perfectly the Victorian novelist's skill at making the implausible seem inevitable—Maggs comes to the attention of one of his master's dinner guests, the rising young author Tobias Oates. When Maggs, serving the wine, collapses from the pain of a tic douloureux in his cheek, Oates volunteers to relieve the servant's anguish by mesmerizing, i.e., hypnotizing, him. Maggs, a man desperate to keep secrets, is at the mercy of Oates, a man avid to exploit them.

The struggle between Maggs and Oates, a character obviously based on Dickens and lacking only the original's extenuating genius, forms the stem of Carey's plot. But, as befits a mock-19th century novel, there are many fascinating exfoliations: All of Carey's major characters come equipped with vivid childhoods—not just Maggs, thrown on a Thames mud flat as an infant and adopted in order to be trained as a thief, or Oates, humiliated and impoverished young by a feckless father. There is also Mercy Larkin, who befriends Maggs and who was sent into prostitution when barely more than a child by her own mother.

Because of the publishing mores of his time, Dickens could not write directly about prostitutes or abortionists or homosexuals, although coded references to them could be discerned by those in the know. In *Jack Maggs*, Carey breaks the old code and produces something wonderfully new. —By Paul Gray



QUINDLEN: Looking beyond the bruises

On the Run

A heartbreaking tale of domestic violence

EVIL IS A LARGE WORD. THERE should be a smaller term to describe the form of malevolence that sits at the kitchen table and indulges itself in the familiar dialectic: indignantly self-pitying sulk ... lashing violence ... remorse in the morning. Repeat.

In Anna Quindlen's third novel, *Black and Blue* (Random House; 293 pages; \$23), the former *New York Times* columnist has caught the evil essence. If its moment should prove to be right (a long shot, to be sure), the novel is good enough to become to domestic violence what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to slavery—a morally crystallizing act of propaganda that works because it has the ring of truth.

Fran Benedetto, a nurse married to a New York City policeman named Bobby Benedetto, is finally running away. Helped along by an underground railway for victims of domestic abuse, Fran, after years of beatings and broken bones at Bobby's hands, is vanishing with their 10-year-old son Robert. The oldest American story: escape to reinvent the self. Fran changes her name to Beth Crenshaw and ends up in a dreary garden apartment in inland Florida, an hour from the ocean. She and Robert, afloat beside the Florida highway, have their Thanksgiving dinner at the Chirping Chicken and try to come to terms with their memories of the good Bobby and the bad Bobby—knowing all the while that the relentless Bobby is out there and after them: a heartbreaking game of hide-and-seek. Quindlen understands the dilemmas of these lives, never exaggerates, and captures the evil perfectly because (if this makes sense) she never demonizes it. —By Lance Morrow



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TELEVISION



MARTYRS Denise McNair, Addie Mae Collins, top; Carole Robertson and Cynthia Wesley, bottom, all died that day

Act of Terror

Spike Lee recounts the Birmingham bombing

ON SEPT. 15, 1963, A BOMB WENT OFF at the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Ala., killing Denise McNair, 11, and Addie Mae Collins, Carole Robertson and Cynthia Wesley, all 14. It was a Sunday morning, and the four girls, dressed in white, were in the church basement, preparing to attend Sunday school and the monthly Youth Day service. As the panicked survivors fled from the explosion and police and ambulances arrived, the man convicted of the crime years later stood across the street enjoying the commotion.

In his documentary *4 Little Girls*, which debuts on HBO on Feb. 23 at 9 p.m. E.T., Spike Lee sets out to tell the stories of the victims of the bombing and to explain why it happened when and where it did and the effect it had on the civil rights movement. The film was briefly in theatrical release last year, and has just been nominated for an Oscar. Shifting smoothly from the most poignant details of the girls' lives—Scout badges, a first pair of grownup shoes—to the actions of historical figures like the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and George Wallace, Lee succeeds in giving a subtle, intelligent and moving account of an event that starkly pitches good against evil. In his public statements the director is often strident, but his films tend to be

TELEVISION

lie this trait, and in this case, when full-bore indignation would seem justified, he allows the horror and injustice of the tale to emerge unforced. Moreover, the film looks wonderful, gracefully edited, and lighted with an almost pearly quality.

The narrative and moral center of *4 Little Girls* is Chris McNair, Denise's father. Her mother and the relatives of the other victims provide heartbreaking testimony, but McNair has a gravity that provides ballast for the entire film. When, with his rich voice, he recalls how he explained to Denise why she couldn't eat at a segregated cafeteria, or discusses his favorite picture of her (taken with her Brownie camera in her bedroom as she clutches a blond doll), he conveys both deep pain and resoluteness.

The most terrible images in the film are the black-and-white postmortem photos of the girls, naked and caked with blood. But there are other unforgettable moments—old footage of the white tank that "Bull" Connor, Birmingham's noto-



BEARING WITNESS Lee with McNair's father Chris, the moral center of the film

rious police chief, drove around the town: a recent interview with an aged George Wallace, who repeats over and over that his black attendant is his best friend; Carole Robertson's mother Alpha explaining how she has come to forgive.

The bombing, of course, had causes and consequences that went beyond the lives of the victims. For years the Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth had led protests against segregation in Birmingham. Eventually, he called on King for help, and the demonstrations intensified. Robert Chambliss responded, hoping his act of terror, the 21st bombing in Birmingham since 1956, would leave blacks begging for segregation. In fact, the blast energized the civil rights movement. Lee's eloquent film does justice to the young martyrs and to those who guaranteed that the girls' deaths, while tragic, would not also be meaningless.

—By James Collins

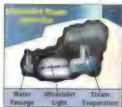
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SUBMERGED: Jackson, Stone and Hoffman are out of their natural depth

At the Bottom of the Sea

Alien creatures are the least of the problems in this watery adventure

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS BARRY Levinson, the gritty realist of *Diner* and *Tin Men*, doing down, down at the bottom of the sea?

Well, as he was in the delicious *Wag the Dog*, the director is looking for a new venue in which to display the thing he loves best—rough, funny dialogue that reveals the morally equivocal motives of highly dubious dreamers. And for a few minutes at the beginning of *Sphere*, which is about the exploration of a spacecraft that has been discovered resting on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, you think he may be on to something.

For the scientific team assembled by writers Stephen Hauser and Paul Attanasio, adapting an old Michael Crichton novel, is ragtag and cranky. The chief credential of its psychologist (Dustin Hoffman) is a report on how to handle alien encounters, which he admits cribbing largely from sci-fi tales. The biochemist (Sharon Stone) is a pill popper. The mathematician (Samuel L. Jackson) is a cynic, the astrophysicist (Liev Schreiber) is twittily lusty after a Nobel Prize, and the team leader (Peter Coyote) needs to try a little tenderness. In short, the possibilities for amusing dysfunction are potentially larger than we usually find in movies of this kind.

Then, alas, they all head for a submerged "habitat" on the ocean floor, yank on their wet suits and start poking around the wreck. And the standard scare scenes start occurring on a more or less predictable schedule—leaks, explo-

sions, monsters popping out of the dark depths—with a more or less predictable effect on the health, mental and physical, of the intruders, not to mention the quality of the dialogue, which deteriorates largely to murmured suspicions and warning shouts.

The problem turns out to be the eponymous sphere: the space capsule carries. It's hard and shiny and has a mysterious power to ferret out, and then manifest, the worst fears of those who fall under its spell. If you have, say, a special aversion to sea snakes, then by golly, they're going to start hurling themselves at your face mask.

The question of the sphere's origin is left unanswered at the end of the film—along with a lot of other loose ends—but it's really no mystery. It probably came from the Forbidden Planet, a realm first explored in the classic 1956 sci-fi adventure movie. Its inhabitants had mastered the technique of invading people's minds, prying their darkest passions out of them and turning them back on their victims. Obviously Hoffman's character isn't the only figure involved with *Sphere* who has a good memory for the classic tropes of dystopian sci-fi.

But that's all right. We're in the realm of homage here, not plagiarism. What's not so good is the failure to make something arresting out of the way the dark side and the bright side of our minds interact. Movies like *Forbidden Planet*, which had neither the technical sophistication nor the skilled actors available to Levinson, worked their metaphors with a sort of leisurely literateness. Here, all meaning is simply lost in the hubbub, drowned out by the modern imperative to deliver a rush of action, however incomprehensible, every few minutes.

—By Richard Schickel

C I N E M A

Lust for Life

Almodóvar finds new rapture in obsession

VICTOR (LIBERTO RABAL) HAS A lofty ambition: to become "the best lover in the world." And Clara (Angela Molina) is eager to coach him. The first lesson, she sagely informs him, is that "making love involves two people." He smiles, then asks, "And the second...?" Victor is a quick learner.

People in Pedro Almodóvar films, though, never learn quite fast enough to cope with the wild, melodramatic twists the Spanish writer-director hurls their way like grenades. That's one of the lovely things about Almodóvar epics like *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* and *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*; they give you three movies' worth of plot in a fast 100 minutes or so. His sensuous, delirious new film, *Live Flesh*, has plenty. Victor is involved with two women, Clara and Elena (the sorcerous Gloriosa



AMOR FURIOSO: Rabal and Neri make love so hot it must burn them and all they touch

Neri), both of whom are married to jealous policemen. The story (based on a Ruth Rendell novel) begins in Victor on a Madrid bus and, within half an hour, does out drugs, sex, a triangular gun battle and a paraplegic policeman (Javier Bardem) who plays basketball in the 1992 Paralympics in Barcelona.

Obsession has seldom looked as gaudy or thrilling as here. One of the cops (José Sancho), who is as doting as he is abusive, tells his wife, "As long as I love you, you're not leaving me." After a quickie with her lover, a woman rapturously smells her body—it still has his musk all over it. Few films these days are about sex, let alone love. Almodóvar is that rare moviemaker who still thinks they are as important as a space invasion or a sinking ship.

—By Richard Corliss

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The Bandit's Back

A resurgent Burt Reynolds leads an over-the-hill gang to the Oscars

By RICHARD CORLISS

STRIKE A FLIRTILY NUDE POSE FOR A women's magazine. Have a happily public affair with a TV chanteuse 19 years your senior. Tease your screen machismo in lightning banter with Johnny Carson. Make a lot of middling pictures in fast cars. Be an early victim of AIDS rumors. Just about die.

No actor would have mapped out this road to celebrity. But jaunty, reckless Burt Reynolds followed it, becoming the No. 1 box-office attraction for five straight years (1978-82) and, quite possibly, the zeitgeist star of his generation. You know what? This still is his generation. Last week, the day before he turned 62, Reynolds copped an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actor for his role as the porno patriarch in *Boogie Nights*.

He is pleased to bask in autumnal sunlight. But in the fifth decade of a career with more bumps than the Nagano mogul course, he still feels twinges from old war wounds: from turning down the *Terms of Endearment* role that won Jack Nicholson an Oscar, from the rage that occasionally blurred his judgment, from folks who left in droves during the bad times. They've returned now. "And I just say, 'I know you always loved me,'" he notes. "Because in this business you have to do that."

As *Boogie Nights* auteur Paul Thomas Anderson says, Reynolds was more than "the coolest guy on the planet"; in *Deliverance* and *Starting Over*, "Burt also had great chops as an actor." The athletic

grace, caged intensity and wounded dignity are on display in *Boogie Nights*, but so is Reynolds' status as '70s icon—once tarnished, now burnished.

From his *Cosmo* spread to the affair with Dinah Shore and his rancorous separation from Loni Anderson, Reynolds has been a tabloid fave. "Amazing, isn't it?" he asks. "I should be in a jar at Harvard. Even when I could not get a job, I was still front-page. And I wondered why no one thought, 'If he can sell these rags, maybe he can still sell a movie ticket.'"

He got the AIDS sticker when he dropped to 140 lbs. after breaking his jaw making *City Heat*. He became addicted to painkillers, went off them cold turkey—and fell into a coma. The medics thought he was dying. "I saw that famous light. And you know, I didn't want to come back. Then someone said, 'If you die, they'll say you died of AIDS.' And I came back."

Now he's back in style, with a loving fiancé (Pam Seals, former manager of a cocktail lounge) and a resurgent career. "I'm finally choosing a role for the right reason. It's not about the location—Jamaica? I'll take it—or the leading lady. It's about the words. I know I'll never be No. 1 again, but I'll be a working actor.



The '70s' favorite movie jock and talk-show jokester, he had to be asked nine times to play *Boogie Nights*' pornmaker. "Finally," he says, "I chose to be brave"

And this time, I'll be a grownup. It's time. We have a saying in the South: 'No man's a man until his father tells him he is.' Well, mine never told me, and that was a problem. But my son did."

It was in 1993, when Reynolds tried to tell his adopted son Quinton that he and Anderson were separating. "We went for a walk on the beach and I—I couldn't get to it. He looked at me and said, 'Daddy, the dance is over.' And I said, 'That's right. We started out dancing together, we side and one goes to that.' And he said, 'You're a man. It'll be all right.'"

Even for Burt Reynolds—once and forever movie star, icon and damn fine actor—there are things in life besides an Oscar. —Reported by Georgie Harbison/New York

The Comeback Kids

Oscar had a few treats for some of its oldest and dearest, its has-beens and who-they's



Julie Christie, 56

An Oscar winner for the 1965 *Darling*, she played queens in *Dragonheart* and *Hamlet* (1996). Radiates art-house glamour in the little-seen *Afterglow*



Peter Fonda, 58

The '60s outlaw pinup (*Easy Rider*) now has the face of a Mallibu Buddhist. Can he win for *Ulee's Gold*? His dad's ghost could help



Robert Forster, 56

Grizzled stalwart of '70s TV (*Banyon*) and movies (*Stunts*). Excellent in *Jackie Brown* as the only grownup—a role Reynolds could also have played



Gloria Stuart, 87

A blond ingenue in the '30s (*The Invisible Man*, *Armal*), she retired early. Her role as Titanic's centenarian heroine will win her an Oscar March 23



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By JOEL STEIN

The Gel of Human Kindness

A Macbeth with slicked-back hair, a suave tan and a really self-important political ambition? Maybe yes. While Alec Baldwin prepares to play the lead in New York City's Joseph Papp Public Theater's production of *Macbeth*, ANGELA BASSETT is working on the female lead. Feeding nickels into a pay phone in a very un-Lady Macbeth manner, Bassett says Baldwin is losing the Brylcreem for the part. "He's going to shave it down. He's playing with it today," she says. "The guys have been joking that he looks like Kevin Bacon." The show has already sold out its run, because "stars and Shakespeare sell." Plus, "it's about a man and woman wanting to be King and Queen and making some poor choices. And that's today."



BY LEE HUNTER/ONYX



Lani's Revenge

As others gained access to the Oval Office, LANI GUINIER, former Assistant Attorney General nominee and old law-school pal of Bill Clinton's, lost hers. Now the woman dubbed "the quota queen" by Republicans lashes out at the Clintons in her upcoming book, *Lift Every Voice*. Guinier writes, "I have not had any communication with President Clinton or the First Lady, although I did get identical, machine-signed White House Christmas cards in December 1993, December 1994, December 1995 and December 1996."



BY LEE HUNTER/ONYX

Q&A

USHER, the 19-year-old singer, has the No. 1 single, *Nice & Slow*.

Q: What's *Nice & Slow* about?

A: It's somewhat of an intimate story between a man and a woman.

Q: Do you know the Frank Sinatra song *Nice 'n' Easy*?

A: It's somewhat like *Nice 'n' Easy*. And my album is called *My Way*. I know who Frank Sinatra is, daddy.

Q: You dated Moesha. Wow.

A: There's another episode coming up where we have a battle because I want to take it not so nice and slow.

Q: And Moesha's not that kind of girl.

A: Moesha puts it back into perspective. Like, hey, we're going to take it nice and slow.

Q: What names were you thinking about besides Usher?

A: Usher is my real name.

Q: Your parents named you Usher?

A: Yes. My father is Usher Raymond III. I'm Usher Raymond IV.

Q: When you're in concert you're always half-naked. Are you worried about alienating guys like me?

A: When you look at a magazine and you see a guy with his shirt off, do you get grossed out?

Q: No.

A: When you look at the television and see a guy with his shirt off, you don't get grossed out, do you?

Q: No, I guess not.

A: When you buy underwear and there's a picture of Tyson with his shirt off, do you get grossed out?

Q: I guess I overreacted a little bit.

A: O.K., then.

FEUD OF THE WEEK

WHITNEY "WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM" HOUSTON

AGE: 34
OCCUPATION: Prima donna

BEST PUNCH: Upset that her soundtrack for *The Preacher's Wife* was nominated for the rhythm-and-blues category and not the gospel one, Houston is boycotting the awards.



GRAMMY "YET ANOTHER POINTLESS" AWARDS

AGE: 40
OCCUPATION: Kissing up to artists
BEST PUNCH: As if mislabeling Houston weren't bad enough, the awards nominated the album *Welcome to the Freak Show: dc Talk Live in Concert* in the gospel category.

THE WINNER The Grammys. Hanson is still coming to the ceremony

Roger Rosenblatt

What Am I Bid for This Heart?

Celebrity auctions prove that it is possible, and painful, to die twice

HAD IT BEEN UP TO OSCAR WILDE, THERE WOULD BE NO auction this week of the private property of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, or any such event. Writing a sonnet in 1895, "On the Sale by Auction" of John Keats' love letters to Fanny Brawne, Wilde compared the "brawlers of the auction mart" to the Roman soldiers who tossed dice for the garments of Jesus.

That may be a bit much, but the auctioning of the stuff of private lives is still a creepy little business. It creates a way for people to die a second time. First they expire when their hearts stop. Then they have a redeath when what was the tendency of their hearts is made the property of strangers.

You may not care that among the Windsor-family items being put up on the block are a pair of silver asparagus tongs, two Portuguese silver Fu dogs and a silver vesta case for, I suppose, one's silver vesta. I don't care either, but I do think there is something crummy about the blithe auctioning off of things like love letters, diaries and personal photos. The Windsors always seemed a pair of yacht-hopping nitwits to me, and I'm fairly certain that their expressions of passion are not to be compared to Keats', much less to Jesus'. But they were the personal artifacts of individual lives.

So was the chunk of their wedding cake stored in a box all these years, which is also up for bids. Either the couple liked *Great Expectations* or believed in "Waste not, want not," but surely they had a right to have their cake, not eat it too, and not have it sold for a fistful of dollars.

This particular auction represents a rescheduling of the one that was being planned shortly before the death of Princess Diana and Dodi Fayed, son of Mohammad al Fayed, who had originally intended the Windsor auction to further enrich his world. Now, the net proceeds will go to a charitable foundation, which is proper and commendable but does not change the basic invasive nature of these events.

Every day, it seems, a celebrity's something-or-other is on the block. A year ago, Albert Einstein's love/hate letters to his first wife Mileva Maric were sold at Christie's. A Christie's spokesman explained why he thought Einstein's relativity-theory manuscript went for more money than the letters. "I think Einstein will be known as a scientist," he said.

In 1992 the artist John Bratby's love letters were put up by Sotheby's. Bratby, the Kitchen Sink school leader of the 1950s,

had a hellzapoppin love affair with a much younger Diane Hills, to whom he wrote letters, as did Hills' father (less affectionately), as did Bratby's wife Jean Cooke (less affectionately still). "I understand from my husband," wrote Cooke, "the man with whom you fornicate on the floor of your flat ..." All 25 boxes of the highly charged mess are now in some stranger's possession.

What auctioneers are doing in this indiscriminate practice is selling all that remains of people's feelings. We learn in science class that no element of matter completely disappears,

and if that is true of human beings, then the outpourings of our hearts become evidence of immortality. Take away that evidence, give it up as if it were any old commodity, and feelings are no different from asparagus tongs.

And please don't tell me that these artifacts are important to history. History doesn't bid on them. And if indeed they prove to be important enough, that will take years of consensus, and then they will go to public places like museums or published collections (see Keats' *Letters*) when the time is right. In any case, the originals will not lie around like shrunken heads on a chiropractor's coffee table.

Auctions are strange activities anyway. Sotheby's invented them in 1744 when a bookseller named Samuel Baker wanted to live better. Since then they have grown into wonderfully weird hybrids of culture and capitalism. In movies like *North by Northwest* and the Marx Brothers' *The Cocoanuts*, where Chico bids against himself, they are accurately portrayed as miniworlds of crookedness and anarchy. Brawlers compete in cool frenzies of acquisitiveness.

The funny part is that all this stuff is covered over by a sheen of hauteur, loads of English accents and names like Sotheby's and Christie's. No one ever got a catalog from Finkelstein's or the House of Lopez.

Harmless smootiness, if you ask me. And auctions can be a lot of fun, which is why they have lasted. But they can also be tasteless and stupid, and revealing of us. When we get all excited about the idea of owning a love letter from a duchess to a duke, we ought to be embarrassed; it simply shows us up as dirty little snoots.

On July 25, 1819, Keats wrote to Fanny Brawne: "My sweet girl... I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death. O that I could have possession of them both in the same minute. I hate the world." Going once? Going twice? ■



When considering menopause and the consequences of its associated estrogen loss, consider the entire body of evidence.

Brain: In the past 10 years, research has explored questions surrounding the consequences of menopause and cognitive functioning, memory, and Alzheimer's disease.

Uncomfortable symptoms: For over 50 years, it's been known that estrogen loss associated with menopause causes the hot flashes and night sweats that often influence mood and sleep.

Sexuality: Half a century of study has confirmed that estrogen loss causes vaginal thinning and dryness and increases the frequency of vaginal infections, which can be uncomfortable and interfere with intimacy.



Eyes: Ongoing research continues to investigate cataracts in post-menopausal women, as well as age-related macular degeneration, the leading cause of blindness in the aging population.

Teeth: Research continues to explore the association between tooth loss and menopause.

Heart: Since the 1950s, large-scale clinical trials have researched cardiovascular disease in post-menopausal women, looking at cholesterol, heart attacks, and death.

Bone: Decades of research have proven that estrogen loss decreases bone mineral density and increases the risk of fractures from osteoporosis.

Colon: Ongoing research continues to explore the risk of colon cancer among women after menopause.

Today, we know more than ever about the consequences of estrogen loss during and after menopause, and the effect it has on your entire body. So-called "selective" or "designer" estrogens may not impact a number of health issues associated with menopause. Talk to your doctor, because problems resulting from estrogen loss aren't always selective.

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